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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	521	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued).		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Pour Passer Le Temps. By C. H. Collins Baker	532	The Principles of War	538
The Plot	524	April in the Garden	533	The Truth About an Author	539
Mr. Asquith and the Army	525			"The Sweet Serenity of Books"	540
The Americans in Mexico	525			The Man Who Did	540
In the Spring	526			"The Great Proconsul"	541
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		CORRESPONDENCE:		The Ironsides of To-day	542
The Welsh Church Bill. By the Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P.	527	The Difficulties of Settlement (Henry Pash)	534	Novels	542
Lord Roberts of Kandahar. By H. F. Prevost Battersby	528	Federation (Robert Guy)	534	Latest Books	544
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		The Case of Ulster	534	Books Received	545
Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon	529	"The Irish Volunteers"	534		
The Uses of Vulgarly. By John Palmer	530	The Failure of Mr. Norman Angell	535	FINANCE:	
Opera Begins	531	The Drink Bill (Osborne Aldis)	536	The City	546
		A Diary of Nature	536	Insurance: London Life and Re- versionary Bonuses	548
		The Wild Flowers of England	536		
		Etc., etc.			

Next week the contents of the **SATURDAY REVIEW** will include "The Vieux-Colombier Players", by M. Dimnet.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are getting on, as the Prime Minister is fond of saying. Bit by bit we have wrung from the reluctant Government this week information which makes it extremely clear to the world that certain Cabinet Ministers did have a plan, a plot, a conspiracy—call it what they will—to use the Army and to use the Navy in order to beat down and quell the Ulster protest movement, and did try to put it into effect. There never has been an idea of putting the male population of Ulster to the sword, Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General, has gravely declared. Of course, we all accept that easily; indeed, no sane person would suppose that Ministers, when they planned the coup d'état, ever really thought of going the length of what professional housebreakers and murderers call—we believe—"outing-does", or taking the lives of all their victims.

What certain of Mr. Asquith's colleagues in the Cabinet—not Mr. Asquith himself—did mean to do, what they set about doing, was to put "the fear of God" into Ulster by some smartly executed and sweeping movements of both the Army and the Fleet. That was the meaning, it is now completely evident, of Mr. Winston Churchill's historic phrase about putting these grave matters to the proof. The speeches of Mr. Churchill and one or two other Cabinet Ministers point to it; the dates and events, considered intelligently and coupled together, point to it; the whole of the Seely and Gough episode points to it; the movements of the ships and the orders to the troops point to it; the replies of the Prime Minister to various questions in the House of Commons this week point to it; the refusal of the Government to appoint a judicial enquiry to get at the true facts on oath points to it. Many a man has been hanged or shot on evidence not a whit more damning than that which has now piled up against the Government.

Exactly how many Ministers were really and with full knowledge in this thing is not yet disclosed. There may have been only two fairly up to the eyes in it. But, now at least, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Asquith was not in it. This fact has been cleared up by a question and reply—both of them quite direct and simple—in the House of Commons. Mr. Butcher asked when Mr. Asquith first learnt about the movements of the Fleet, and Mr. Asquith replied that he heard of them on March 21st—the day after the Curragh affair—and at once countermanded them. In other words, he was not in the plot. We never thought for a second that he was.

This, we grant, quite clears Mr. Asquith of guilt, so far as the baulked conspiracy itself goes. But not the less he is a hardy accomplice *after* the act. To shield his guilty colleagues he resolutely declines to appoint a judicial enquiry. He will only suffer what he styles "a grand inquest of the nation". That is to say, a trial in the House of Commons with himself as judge, and with the entire Government Party as a packed and perfectly obedient jury pledged to their Whips beforehand to declare Not Guilty. "The grand inquest of the nation" is a Pecksniffian phrase pure and simple.

We have never admired the talk of distinguished (and undistinguished) outside critics who say the House of Commons is a mere "talking shop", and so on, and so on; and who vow the House is no good at public business. It is nonsense. Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton—with the "plain men" who are fond of saying they are "not politicians"—do not at all impress us when they say Parliament is an ass. We are convinced they would make a horrible mess of public business if they tried—it would then be, with what a vengeance, "the grand inquest of the nation"! But obviously the House of Commons is the last place qualified to get at the truth in a matter like this plot against Ulster by a full-dress Party debate. It is not more qualified to do that than the National Liberal Club is qualified to get at the truth of the Marconi scandal by a champagne banquet to the chief culprits.

That, of course, is why Mr. Bonar Law, though "a House of Commons man" himself, asks the Government to go to a competent tribunal in the matter. That is why he is not satisfied with a mere Vote of Censure debate, and why no fair man can possibly be. All that can be said for the debate is that it is better than nothing, because it helps to keep before the public the facts of this evil design by certain Ministers to crush out the Loyalists of Ulster; and as such we must be thankful for it.

One need not say much more about the Gough incident—only this, that (morally) the pledge is, the pledge stands. Mr. Asquith had to tell Mr. Amery this week that General Gough has not been and will not be served with a notice that the pledge is withdrawn. That breach of honour at least the Government has spared itself. It would be perhaps a little too open, a little too cynical. The pledge was substantially the pledge of the Cabinet—Lord Morley has made this fact crystal clear. The original of the Gough guarantee should, by the way, become an extraordinarily valuable document. Fancy the price it might fetch at a manuscript sale fifty or a hundred years hence!

The poodle-peer of the Radical Party, Lord Lincolnshire, cut a deplorable figure in the House of Lords on Wednesday. Tackled by Lord Middleton and Lord Lansdowne, he made not even the feeblest attempt to justify his National Liberal Club statement that Lord Lansdowne had, in a speech, tried to corrupt the Army. He murmured the speech was too long! Lord Middleton bitterly described him as an Aristocrat by nature and a Tribune by calculation. Lord Lincolnshire may well have felt in those uncomfortable moments that he was paying a heavy price for the adulation of the N.L.C. smoking room.

The two days' discussion on the second reading of the Welsh Church Bill in the House of Commons was unreal. The Government said as much as possible about the Parliament Act and the demand of the Welsh Members for the Bill, and as little as possible about the merits of the Bill, nor was there any suggestion of compromise. Even when some attempt was made to construct a case in favour of the Bill, the spokesmen for the Government emphasised Disestablishment and slurred Disendowment—with the exception of Mr. McKenna, who produced at the close of the debate—when no answer was possible—some fantastic arithmetic which would have proved, if accurate, that the Welsh Church would be better off after it had been disendowed than before. But "credo quia impossibile" is not yet a political maxim.

The sure facts, neglected by Mr. McKenna, are that the Welsh Church is a growing Church; that it is now the largest religious organisation in Wales; that to plunder it is flat thievery; that over a hundred thousand Welsh Nonconformists have signed a petition against the Bill; and that Mr. Asquith has refused to receive their petition. No doubt it would have been inconvenient for the Prime Minister to hear objections to his Bill from the people it is supposed to benefit.

It is clear that great pressure was brought to bear on the Welsh Nonconformists who, all honour to them, protested against the spoliation of the Church. They were threatened by the political-religious of the Principality with all manner of things, including the loss of their old age pensions, if they signed the petition against the Welsh Church Bill. In face of this bullying it is impossible to discount the significance of the large numbers who were brave enough to sign; and it was foolish of Sir Alfred Mond to sneer at the petition and talk of intimidation. The intimidation and misrepresentation over this Bill and this petition have been, first to last, on the other side.

Mr. Balfour, in easily the best speech of the debate, treated with a light and just contempt Mr. McKenna's elementary history, grubbed incorrectly out of Giraldus Cambrensis. The major part of his speech was a further exposure of the fallacy which Mr. Balfour most firmly and repeatedly repudiates—the fallacy of limited nationalism. Healthy nationalism does not imply chopping the United Kingdom into as many dialects and provinces as can be justified out of history or local prejudice. Healthy nationalism calls for a local patriotism, aware of the past, devoted to an imperial patriotism, resolved that the future shall not return to the past, but grow out of it into strength and unity. Mr. Balfour was particularly happy in his criticism of the nonsense talked to-day about the Celtic temperament. All the most offensive parochialism is justified by that blessed formula. Mr. Lloyd George, seen through the Celtic temperament, resembles Cæsar as Casca saw him in the Capitol. His Welsh supporters applaud him; but so would they applaud him "if he had murdered their mothers".

We are not concerned to defend the custom of ex-Ministers drawing very large pensions from the public on the strength of moderate services, but the protests of Mr. Price and one or two of the Labour M.P.'s this week over certain ex-Ministers' pensions are somewhat repulsive; these gentlemen seem to forget that they themselves are drawing incomes of four hundred a year from the public which the public has never voted to them. People who profess to be defenders of the public purse, and yet without leave carefully help themselves out of it as handsomely as they can, are unpleasant to consider.

Mr. Balfour, giving evidence before the Select Committee inquiring into House of Commons procedure, talked "tentatively". When Mr. Balfour, on this subject, talks "tentatively", it is a question whether any other living politician has a right to talk at all. Who better knows the ways of the House, the value and strength of the House's traditions? Mr. Balfour made an interesting suggestion for the simplification of procedure as to the introduction of bills. Its practical effect would be to prolong the second reading of a Bill. But the Committee stage would go out altogether.

"And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?" Ceremony may, indeed, be empty, and the vein of its decrying has been hard worked; but ceremony when it expresses a reality is a fine and a true thing in public, or even in private, life. The great ceremony this week of the visit of the King and Queen to Paris is neither vain nor hollow. There was sincere emotion in the greetings with which our King and Queen were received; and all the ceremony with which these greetings were accompanied was the official and formal expression of this emotion. Nor did this quite spontaneous emotion exhaust the meaning of these trappings and symbols. The understanding with France is grounded now not only upon genuine sentiments of friendliness and respect, but upon an intelligent conception of the part it has played, and has yet to play, in the politics of Europe.

The really important fact as to the Entente is that it is, beyond question, popular. It is trusted and it is liked by English and French people who know very little about diplomacy or foreign politics. Foreign policy is in its details and events from day to day an affair for experts. It is practised in secret offices. The finer points are only appreciated by a dozen men in any country of the world. But this is only half the truth. The diplomatists may determine how exactly war or peace shall be brought about. They know the machinery. But no wise Government could now go to war without the country behind it. National sentiment is the power behind the machine. It is natural friendships and enmities which in the end determine

the issue. The solidity and power of the Entente Cordiale rest upon its popularity in both countries. There is no trace in England and France to-day of the old prejudices which ascribed to English and French a necessary and natural antipathy. There are, of course, exceptions. There is a sulking small party in England who would prefer England to be a parish to itself. But all who care for England's reputation abroad now know it is bound up with the Entente. France is to-day one of the most popular of our English institutions. England clearly proclaimed this when President Poincaré was last in London. This week France proclaims it with equal enthusiasm.

Doubtless the root cause of this popularity is an instinctive feeling that the Entente is steadily an influence for peace and a stable balance of the Powers of the world. We have this week celebrated a friendship with France without a word having been raised of alarm or anxiety in the capitals of Europe. It is known that our understanding with France is not aggressively intended, that it will not strengthen in any country of Europe the counsels of the hotheads and the suspicious. A ten years' test of the Entente has proved to Europe that England and France may stand together in friendly consultation without menacing the ideals or the development of a single Power. Looked at from this point of view, the Entente is a great achievement.

Never was a Government more reluctantly driven to the edge of war than the Government of President Wilson. To the last moment Huerta was given a way of escape. The United States went as far to meet him as was consonant with a minimum of self-respect—went, indeed, so far that Huerta began almost openly to flout them. First he would salute the American flag provided a salute was offered in return. President Wilson agreed. Then Huerta asked that the salutes should be sandwiched. Each was to fire twenty-one guns, and each particular American gun to be answered seriatim by a Mexican gun. Huerta's implication was that, if he fired off all his guns at once, he had no guarantee that the Americans would answer. President Wilson could at best regard this as mere trifling. If it were seriously meant, it could only be regarded as insulting.

President Wilson at once went to Congress for permission to use the armed forces of the United States to exact "unequivocal amends" for the "affronts and indignities committed against this Government by General Huerta". But there was at this point a difficulty with the Senate. Two veins of criticism were started. First it was rightly held by many senators that the contemplated war must in no sense be mistaken for a personal campaign against Huerta in favour of Villa and the "constitutionalists". President Wilson has clearly favoured Villa in these late difficulties. He was misled by the idea that Villa, who is a ruffian and a bandit, was the leader of a "constitutional" party in opposition to Huerta, the tyrant and adventurer. This reading of the situation cannot continue to be accepted. Of the two warring parties in Mexico Villa leads the weakest and worst. Neither Mexico nor the United States could gain anything by putting Villa in Huerta's place; and many senators desire that President Wilson's intervention shall run no risk of being confused as a personal issue between Huerta and Villa.

Nor should this intervention be construed as an attack upon the Mexican people. President Wilson himself is anxious to avoid the appearance of this. The aim of any operations to be undertaken in Mexico is to put an end to the hideous disorder and ruin which has turned the country into a battlefield where no horror of war is spared. America's right to intervene is a direct result of this anarchy, for it is based on the peril into which it has brought American lives and interests.

The debate in the Senate this week, raising these points and treating them with clearness and restraint, has been of great value. It has put the position to the country and to the world.

All the Powers, great and little, desire to see Mexico restored to order. They recognise that it is the right and the duty of the United States to take charge. Once embarked, it is not easy to see the end. Merely to weaken Huerta, which has so far been President Wilson's one practical aim, will not do. It would be better to recognise him outright than simply to discredit him without putting a legitimate Government in his place. America can, and must, be permitted to do this.

Here Sir E. Grey unanswerably meets the critics who lately talked of English intervention. Intervention is easily begun, but no one can foresee the end. It means, certainly, pouring in troops. It means, almost certainly, holding the country till a national Government has been firmly set up. We speak of effective intervention—intervention that will make things not worse, but better. Firing a few shells into Tampico is not enough. Only one Power is near enough to Mexico to care to intervene with effect. The United States have proclaimed that they have the best right to intervene. They have now to assure the world that they intend to act competently on behalf of all those interested civilised Powers which have consented to stand aloof.

Vera Cruz was occupied before Congress had decided on what grounds intervention should take place. On the following day, after four American soldiers had fallen in war, intervention was resolved by Congress in terms that excluded any reference to Huerta. "It is intervention technically, but it is war in essence that we vote to justify to-night", said Mr. Root in a remarkable speech to the Senate. Mr. Root sees the justification of this intervention in the "murderous and ruinous anarchy in Mexico"; and Mr. Root speaks here for the civilised world. This is not a question of saluting the American flag, or backing a bogus "constitutionalist" against a de facto absolute ruler. It is a question of Mexico's settlement and restoration. Now that Congress has cut out President Wilson's reference to Huerta, it is clear to the whole world that the action of the United States is intended not for Huerta's personal chastisement, but for putting an end to a disastrous period in Mexican history.

Against Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, who died this week, no one, we think, would wish to say a hard word. He desired the truth, and he had the merit—rare to-day, it sometimes seems—of believing in things intensely and keeping on at things. But what an appalling reflection on our education and public intelligence are the figures of the sales of his book on Shakespeare and Bacon! The "Times" notes that, in 1912, of the popular abridgment of "The Shakespeare Myth" not less than 300,000 copies were sold in this country and in America. With ridiculous and hopeless rubbish like the books and pamphlets to prove Shakespeare Bacon selling by the hundred thousand, what chance to speak of is there for good work?

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has written to the "Times" this week supporting some late letters in defence of "Endymion". "Endymion" has still to be defended against the small critics. Its defects lie all upon the surface for daws to peck at; and it is well that wise critics like Mr. Watts-Dunton should from time to time insist upon the reality of the genius between every line of this great work. Mr. Watts-Dunton does not put "Endymion" too high: "The conventional talk about the futility of 'Endymion' has come down to us from the unfair criticisms of Keats's own time. It is full of poetry. When it descends into prattle, which it sometimes assuredly does, it is always the prattle of a baby Olympian."

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE PLOT.

THE case against the Ministry is complete. There is no longer any doubt that a section of the Cabinet in the week ending March 21st planned to startle Ulster with armed force from land and sea. So much was suspected on March 23rd when the resignations at the Curragh became known. The rumours at that date have been confirmed by an accumulation of evidence from many sources.

The "Times", which has been singularly well informed throughout, stated as early as March 24th, "While the Government have been professing to seek a peaceful settlement, the War Office, apparently in conjunction with certain Ministers, has committed the amazing and inexcusable folly of preparing for an immediate attack upon the orderly people of Ulster". A month later the details were disclosed in the statement of the Ulster Unionist Council. On Monday the "Times" stated in a leading article: "Our own experience has already provided independent confirmation of almost every item in the Ulster Unionist Council's statement". We have ourselves since confirmed the details of the plot by unimpeachable testimony from another source. Even the extraordinary proposal to get the cavalry out of the way by sending them to suppress a bogus rising in the south of Ireland has been corroborated.

The following are the main facts as to the "hellish" scheme. On the afternoon of Friday, March 20th, Ulster was to be blockaded by land and sea. The Third Cavalry Brigade was to move forward and seize and occupy the bridges and strategic points along the Boyne and hold them pending the arrival of the Fifth Division and troops from England. The Eighth Division, stationed in the south, were to move to the Curragh and Dublin to replace the troops which went north. A force of some 10,000 strong was to come from Lichfield and from Aldershot. *The total force engaged would be some 25,000 men.* Two destroyers were sent to Carrickfergus with troops. Two flotillas of destroyers were under orders to proceed to Belfast. A battle squadron had been ordered north so as to co-operate with the police and military. The police were to fire the train. Orders were to be given to the Belfast police to seize concealed depôts of arms belonging to the Ulster Volunteers and take possession of the Unionist headquarters at the old Town Hall, Belfast. It was expected that the Ulster Volunteers would resist and the troops with the naval force would be called in to restore law and order. A military governor was nominated for Belfast. Sir Arthur Paget held out inducements to the cavalry officers not to persist in their resignations. They would only be required to prevent his other forces "bumping into the enemy". As scouts they would not be required to shoot. When the battle was joined they would be placed on the flank so as to keep out of the way. One regiment even would be sent to the south of Ireland, where a bogus disturbance would be arranged.

The details of this extraordinary narrative have been confirmed from various quarters. As is to be expected in the case of honest testimony, discrepancies occur on minor points; but the main facts are the same in every account. What is the position of Ministers? They simply deny the plot as a whole. They evade answers on points of detail. When pushed into a corner they are silent. Sometimes they take refuge in falsehood. The honour of the Prime Minister is no longer above suspicion. It has never been suggested that he was a party to the original scheme, but by condoning Mr. Churchill's offence he himself becomes responsible. He shares the guilt as accessory after the fact. We cannot believe that Sir Arthur Paget has withheld from the Prime Minister the verbal instructions he had from Colonel Seely, nor the information he gave to his staff and to the officers of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade. It is impossible to imagine that at this date the Prime Minister is ignorant of any detail

in these extraordinary machinations. By persisting in the denial of a plot he is convicted of falsehood.

The second White Paper takes a little further the laborious work of extracting the truth. The new Paper contains fifty-five documents, although when the first White Paper was published, consisting of eight letters and telegrams, the Government said that it contained all relevant documents. Further disclosures are made about the naval movements. Mysterious orders were given to officers to land in plain clothes—to prepare for co-operation with the military in certain eventualities—to be ready for the embarkation of Sir Arthur Paget. The document is even more remarkable for its omissions. It contains no record of Colonel Seely's conversations with Sir Arthur Paget in London on March 18th and 19th. It contains a very meagre account of Sir Arthur Paget's address to his generals and staff at 10 a.m. on Friday, March 20. It contains no record of his remarks at the second meeting of the generals at 2 p.m. on the same day, and on Thursday the Prime Minister refused further information on the point. It does not say a word about his remarks to the officers of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade on Saturday, March 21.

But the document establishes beyond dispute the falsity of Ministers' statements in the House of Commons in the week following the first disclosure of the plot. To take only one example: On March 25, in his speech on the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill, Mr. Asquith said: "General Paget had been instructed to do nothing, absolutely nothing beyond carrying out these modest and necessary operations described in the letter of March 14". Now the letter from the War Office on March 14 merely gave instructions for sending troops to protect stores at Armagh, Omagh, Enniskillen and Carrickfergus. But the telegram and letter of March 20 (Nos. xii. and xiii.) in the new White Paper show that the War Office ordered General Paget to appoint a Military Governor at Belfast, and General Friend was appointed. When Mr. Asquith said that General Paget had been instructed to do "*absolutely nothing beyond*", either he deliberately deceived the House of Commons, or on March 25th, when the first White Paper was published, he was still ignorant of what had been done. The whole situation is so obscured by evasion, prevarication and downright falsehood that it is impossible to say what misstatements have been made deliberately and what through ignorance. The full effect of the new disclosure can only be sifted by careful comparison with the debates followed by tedious questions in the House.

On one point the honour of the Prime Minister is gravely embarrassed. In his statement to the "Times" on Sunday, March 22nd, he said that the so-called naval movements simply consisted in the use of two small cruisers to convey a detachment of troops to Carrickfergus. Further, in answer to a question by Mr. Worthington Evans on March 25th, he said: "I know nothing about the eight destroyers". On Wednesday, however, he admitted to Mr. Butcher that on March 21st Mr. Churchill had informed him of the orders to the 3rd Battle Squadron and the two divisions of the Fourth Destroyer Flotilla, and that he himself had suggested the orders should be countermanded. It is difficult to reconcile these conflicting statements with common standards of honesty. The fact is that the Prime Minister attempted to affect ignorance of the plot after he had become acquainted with it. A stronger man would have immediately demanded the resignation of the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Prime Minister did not do so, and is about to pay the penalty. The tissue of prevarication and evasion that surrounds the whole matter is gravely affecting opinion in the country. The Marconi affair was a rude shock. People are prepared for Ministerial deception. Statements which formerly would have been accepted as coming from responsible Ministers are looked on with suspicion. The Ulster plot alone would suffice to shatter any Ministry. The way in which the Cabinet, as a whole, have tried to avoid discovery has brought

their downfall within measurable distance. What are the further details of the plot? From the White Paper and the attempted explanations of Ministers, it is becoming clear how it was to be carried out. The movements of troops, which were actually carried out, were the first step in guarding the lines of communication, to be followed by the advance of the cavalry. The next step was to be made by the police—the troops being held in readiness to suppress the disturbance when it arose. Presumably, the arms of the volunteers were to be seized on Monday, the 23rd. The third battleship squadron and destroyers were to be at Lamlash on Monday, the 23rd. The Vice-Admiral of the squadron was to go to the Admiralty for orders on the Monday morning, and then proceed overland to join the fleet at Lamlash. The fleet would then be at hand to assist in suppressing the rising caused by the action of the police. The Fifth Division at the Curragh was to be held in readiness, together with the troops from Aldershot and Lichfield. A general advance would be ordered so soon as the rising of the Ulster Volunteers had given the authorities the necessary pretext for calling in the military to restore law and order. With diabolical ingenuity it was proposed to provoke the Ulster people to rise, and so throw on them the whole blame. Attempts are being made to conceal the issue by insisting on the right of the Government to suppress rebellion in Ulster.

It is important to make clear the distinction. It has never been disputed that the Government would be legally entitled to suppress a rising in Ulster. If the Government, with full knowledge of the consequences, with the consent of Parliament and the approval of the nation, determined to suppress the Ulster Volunteers, while it would be a terrible calamity, they would have the right to do it. But the plot is a different matter. Behind the back of the Premier, without the knowledge of either Parliament or the nation, two or three Ministers planned to provoke a rising in Ulster in such a way that civil war must have followed. The whole of Ireland might have been deluged in blood. The safety of the United Kingdom was to be jeopardised. Neither Parliament nor the country was consulted.

The Opposition demand a free, impartial inquiry into this undoubted plot. The matter is to be debated next week. No doubt Ministers will deny the truth then, as they have done hitherto. The Government, as usual, will be judges in their own cause. The party whips will ensure the mechanical majority. But the country is awakening to the horrible conspiracy. The facts are known to all, though the evidence to a few only. Mr. Asquith will not grant an inquiry because he dare not.

MR. ASQUITH AND THE ARMY.

WE have elsewhere criticised Mr. Asquith for his part in the political chicanery of these last weeks. At the same time we applaud his discretion in taking charge of the War Office; and everyone who is not a blind partisan must admit that in his first important speech as Secretary of War on Wednesday Mr. Asquith justified his appointment of himself by making a clean sweep of the doctrines which have been enunciated of late from the Labour benches—and not the Labour benches only—as to the duty of the soldier in circumstances of civil strife.

Mr. Asquith laid down no new doctrines; he admitted to the full the difficulty in which the soldier may be placed, both as citizen and soldier, the grave responsibility thrown upon both officers and men, the chance of civil and even criminal proceedings against him even when he has acted in accordance with the instructions of the magistrate. No new doctrine is required in this matter; the new doctrines which have been preached of late are, to put it plainly, a menace to the State. Colonel Seely introduced the utterly subversive idea of optional obedience, and would have allowed soldiers faced by unpleasant duty to disappear; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in an excess of dialectical zeal, would have made of the soldier a mere machine;

Mr. Keir Hardie would disarm soldiers called in to aid the civil power until the mob was also armed.

None of these doctrines will do. Optional obedience to orders would not merely break the back of any Army that ever existed, it would break any organisation whatever. The mechanical theory of the Labour leader ignores the fact that a soldier employed for the purpose of maintaining civil order is only a citizen armed in a particular manner, and he cannot, therefore, because he is a soldier, excuse himself if, without necessity, he takes human life. The disarmament which Mr. Keir Hardie suggests ignores the fact, as the Prime Minister truly remarked, that a mob might be armed with knives, scythes, or other weapons, or might resort to arson on a large scale. Is the soldier to refrain from shooting because rioters are armed with scythes instead of rifles, or because they fire houses or factories or shops, and burn instead of shooting their peaceable inmates? Common sense revolts at the idea.

The standard doctrine laid down years ago in the decision of these grave but happily rare contingencies must prevail, and we congratulate Mr. Asquith on the unequivocal way in which he laid down the principles on which the Army is employed at home. He is sometimes inclined—it is the besetting fault of all lawyers—to argue a national question like a case for the defence, to score points which, although not irrelevant, are not vital. In this case he withstood the temptation, and laid down with laconic lucidity the conditions under which the military may be called in aid of the civil power.

It is notorious that Mr. Asquith rides the Cabinet with a loose rein, and allows his team a liberty they often abuse. The Prime Minister has had two warnings, in the Marconi scandal and the Ulster plot, as to the lengths to which his colleagues will go when he slackens control, and in each case part of the truth has leaked out by accident, and the rest has been dragged out by instalments. The only perceptible difference that the plain man can see between the two is that in the Marconi affair Ministers prevaricated first and blundered afterwards, and in the Ulster plot they blundered first and prevaricated afterwards. In both cases they deceived the Prime Minister by keeping him in ignorance of their actions, and in neither case—with the pitiful exception of Colonel Seely—did he make the necessary disciplinary example. Therein Mr. Asquith is pitifully weak. There is no particular fear that the Prime Minister will not make a good Secretary for War, but there is no doubt that the Secretary for War has not in this affair shown himself to be a good Prime Minister.

THE AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

AMERICAN opinion is now firm in patriotic support of the President and is inclined to resent as unfriendly any criticism of his action. We must, however, once more call attention to the difference between the average British and the official American conception of the duty of the United States in the present crisis. British opinion is based upon acceptance of the Monroe doctrine. This does not mean that Britain accepts all the implications given to the doctrine eighteen years ago. It means that we recognise the States as having predominant interests in Mexico and respect their right to declare in what way these interests can best be safeguarded. Washington holds, and has long held, that the intervention of any foreign Power in Mexico would be destructive of American interests, and we have not the least desire to quarrel with that position. But we are entitled to ask the States to consider its consequences. In forbidding any other nation to interfere in Mexican affairs America makes herself responsible to the whole world for the maintenance of decent government in Mexico. She cannot at once prohibit necessary action by others and decline to take it herself. Nor can she conduct her Mexican policy with exclusive regard to her own requirements. She must also be mindful of her duty to

civilisation. We have more than once noted with regret that this aspect of the case has been overlooked by the American State Department. Indeed, by continuing to encourage Villa after his murder of Mr. Benton it exposed itself to the charge, not merely of ignoring its duty towards Europe, but of running counter to it. We had hoped that when the inevitable moment for intervention came the States would seize the opportunity of putting themselves right with ourselves and other Powers and would make it clear that they were acting as mandatories of the civilised world. So far from adopting this course, President Wilson has taken exactly the opposite line. His contention is that General Huerta has conspicuously failed to display towards the United States the courtesy which he has extended to other Powers, and the avowed object of the present expedition is to compel him to treat the Stars and Stripes as he would treat the Union Jack or the Tricolor. The States, in fact, are placing themselves on a level with other Powers instead of claiming the foremost place which is theirs by right, but which they must surely occupy if they desire to retain it.

Leaving aside for a moment the all-important question whether the policy adopted by the American Government is also the policy desired by the American people, let us ask whether the President's action is likely to lead him. Dr. Wilson has made it abundantly clear that he has no quarrel with the Mexican people and no wish to regulate Mexican politics, but is simply concerned to teach a lesson to General Huerta. Indeed, had Dr. Wilson chosen to avail himself of the powers which, as he tells us, are constitutionally his, instead of inviting the co-operation of Congress, we should have said he was pursuing a personal vendetta. Theoretically the policy of watchful waiting is still maintained. Huerta is not necessarily to be evicted from the presidency, and the United States Government officially proposed to do no more than punish an individual Mexican who had refused to respect the Stars and Stripes. This argument may be sound enough in theory—President Wilson is, at any rate, so satisfied of its soundness that he developed it before Congress—but in practice it is bound to break down. In the eyes of the American Government General Huerta may be no more than a Mexican citizen, but he is *de facto* President, is actually administering the Government over a large part of Mexico, and enjoys such prestige as comes of recognition by European Powers. Indeed, it is simply because of his position in Mexico City that his attitude towards the Stars and Stripes was of importance. It is really impossible for the United States to punish him for conduct which only mattered because he was President and at the same time to pretend that he is not President. That is why we hold that the position that the United States is not really interfering in the politics of Mexico has become ridiculous. It only needs to look ahead a little for its impossibilities to become apparent. Suppose that Huerta gives way after all and salutes the American flag, and that the Americans fire their counter-salute in accordance with international etiquette. Will it then be possible for President Wilson to keep up the fiction that Huerta is nobody? Why, he will have dealt with him officially in front of the whole world. Suppose, on the other hand, that, as seems more likely, Huerta stands firm, that the blockade is followed by invasion, and that American troops reach Mexico City. With Huerta a fugitive, American honour will be satisfied. But is it possible for matters to rest there? Can the Americans return to the coast leaving behind them a vacant presidency and the country in more hopeless anarchy than ever? We are prepared to say that were American policy to develop on these lines it would be necessary for Europe to revise its attitude towards the Monroe doctrine, and that we ourselves might then cease to dismiss as mere folly the proposal that we should encourage another Power to make settlements in remoter parts of the American Continent.

And so we turn to the vital question whether the American people desires as little as its President. We are thankful to say that opinion in the States as a

whole shows no disposition to under-estimate national responsibilities. A small minority in the House of Representatives voted against the resolution embodying the President's request. This does not mean there is a party in Congress hostile to any action in Mexico. It means that there is a party which regards it as America's duty to restore order in Mexico, and not simply to chastise General Huerta. The Senate has gone even further. By way of emphasising the general and far-reaching character of American action it has accepted a resolution which specifically avoids the mention of Huerta's name. We are sure that the significance of this movement of opinion will not be lost upon the President. He has already shown a regard unusual in an American for foreign opinion; and we can assure him that foreign opinion is practically unanimous in desiring the States to put an end to the anarchy for which the non-recognition of Huerta is largely responsible. All Europe wants to see order restored in Mexico, but order can never be restored so long as the Mexican Government is at once too strong to be overturned by local risings and too weak to prevail against American ill-will. But as Panama has shown, it is not easy for an American President to give way to foreign opinion when domestic opinion is hostile. In regard to Mexico, however, the average American thinks like the average European. He, too, is anxious to see Mexican affairs put straight, and he, too, realises that no Power but the States can undertake the work. He respects, as do we, the patience shown by Dr. Wilson these many months, and appreciates his reluctance to intervene. But with sound common-sense he understands that now intervention has come the whole situation must be reconsidered. We trust that Congress will find means to express the general view that now American troops have landed they cannot return until a stable and satisfactory Government has been established in Mexico City. If that intention is avowed the States can feel certain that their action will be watched with sympathy and approval by the other Great Powers.

IN THE SPRING.

THE little girl of the Limerick ought to be dead and buried, or at least the mother of a numerous family, by this time. But it is difficult to banish her from mind when thinking of the English spring. We have just had an example of April when it is very, very good. We know from bitter experience what it can be when it is horrid. Whether good or horrid, however, we are equally surprised. The Englishman can never quite grasp the fact that in the English spring he has something to which the wide world can show no parallel. Or, if you prefer it, there is no English spring. What passes for that season in these islands is like Habbakuk, "capable de tout". It may be like a Lapland winter, or a tropical rainy season, or the calm Indian summer of the Canadian prairie, or a thing of biting, blistering winds and dust-storms, or all these in quick succession. Yet the English people, after centuries of experience, still persist in being astonished alike by its splendours and its villainies. A fortnight of brilliant sunshine, and everybody is talking about an "amazing April". A blizzard, which may come yet—there were three feet of snow in the West of England within a week of May half-a-dozen years ago—would inspire the same artless surprise. It would be "phenomenal". We can never quite get used to the infinite variety, the rich versatility, of the English spring. Nature's booby trap is eternally set for the Englishman at this time of year, and it never fails to catch him.

This certain uncertainty has its charm after all. Englishmen abuse the English climate at home, and sigh for it abroad. Foreign climates are generally far too businesslike. There is a certain dullness in knowing positively that it will be ambrosial in April, wet and steamy in June, detestably hot in August, with a typhoon between the twelfth and the fifteenth of September. Here nature may carry the principle of unexpectedness too far, but it is an error on the right

side. It makes the weather a perpetual source of interest, and breeds a gratitude for those days of pure Heaven, days which no other country knows, when the English countryside—nay, even the green heart of London itself—has a loveliness beyond compare. Our spring has all the coquetry of a charming woman who raises the price of her smiles by being occasionally exasperating. With us Nature does not, as in the South of Europe, awake like a prudent matron, gently but decisively, from her winter sleep, and set about her toilet with leisurely method. Nor does she, as in Finland, throw off the snowy bed-spread in a violent hurry, like an anxious maid-of-all-work conscious of much to do in little time. Here she is a female of quality, a self-indulgent coquette, not to be hurried, even at the risk of missing an appointment that does not greatly matter. She yawns, stretches, takes a cup of tea, shivers and snuggles under the bedclothes again. Her bath, her hair, the mysteries of her toilet, are all matters of nice deliberation. She positively cannot be hurried, and, womanlike, she even enjoys making people wait. More often than not she will indulge in the refined cruelty of appearing like a goddess, and then running back to her dressing-room, without even an apology, to put on a hat that becomes her less, or change into grey when blue suits her divinely. What does it matter? The whole day is hers. In more slavish parts of the world spring must emerge according to the time-table or not at all. Here, in free England, you can have spring in July, summer in October, autumn in December. *Que voulez-vous?* Against the whims of a coquette even the gods fight in vain, or at least they did before Olympus was to let unfurnished.

Why, with full knowledge of the ways of the fickle beauty, we persist in regarding spring as a matter of the calendar is not easily to be explained. Perhaps the poets are responsible. They copied Italian measures, and seem to have adopted Italian ideas of meteorology. Chaucer started with the assumption that the season when "Small fowles maken melodye" and "Slepen all nighte with open eye" was also a season consistently mild and smiling. Shakespeare, as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" shows, knew all about the English climate's capacity for capricious nastiness; but he, too, generally bowed to the Italian convention. The eighteenth century carried matters still farther. The mild poets whom Johnson praised for their good taste were not likely to stray far from the conventional; and so, from Thomson to Beattie, they all agree in lauding the ethereal mildness of spring, and denouncing "ruffian blasts" as a peculiarity of surly winter. What the modern poet thinks of spring it is impossible to say. For to write of spring is to admit that you are not a modern poet.

Perhaps the poets also are responsible for the idea of spring as the special ally of Cupid. The notion is most familiarly expressed in "Locksley Hall". But if love and spring were not the common stuff of poetry in all ages, Tennyson might be accused of plagiarism in speaking of the lapwing's crest, and the livelier iris on the burnished dove, and the tendency of the young man's fancy. Chaucer has the same idea of the human heart attuning itself to the hymeneal melody that rises from every wood and meadow. "Harde is his herte that loveth nought, in May when all this mirth is wrought." May is the "tyme of love and jolitee", when "yonge folk entenden ay to ben gay and amorous, the tyme is than so savorous". The Elizabethans, whether dealing in sentiment or wickedness, agree in attributing a potent influence to spring. It is the "only pretty ring time" that sweet lovers love; and it is also the season when the cuckoo's cry is especially terrible to husbands. Seventeenth century writers sought to explain, on a pseudo-scientific basis, why spring was especially dangerous to discreet damsels. "If they can but weather out this one month, May", says Budgell in "The Spectator", "the rest of the year will be easy to them". Budgell, indeed, returns again and again with delight to the subject, and it might be imagined from his talk of "soft complaints, gentle ecstasies and tender sighs" that England in May was as languorous as Cyprus,

and that a blustering North-Easter was unknown in the "pale Britannia" of the great storm celebrated in Addison's poem. Thomson's Lucinda seems to have been as much affected by the spring as Tennyson's Amy. Her "wishing bosom" palpitates with its impulses, her lips blush deep sweets, her virgin cheek shows a fresh bloom, the shining moisture swells into her eyes, kind tumults seize her veins, and altogether she is in a quite distressing state—serious enough, it would seem, to demand the attention of the village apothecary.

Thomson may conceivably have had his eye on a real maiden whose feelings, in the expressive phrase of Mrs. Raddle or some other, were "too many for her". One doubts it. Even in the age of sensibility English country girls were sturdy animals, with healthy appetites and wills of their own. Certainly the maiden of to-day bears the intoxication of spring with a fairly steady pulse. She may not wholly escape the universal ferment, but she makes no abject surrender. Her fancy may lightly turn, in its wider flights, to thoughts of a husband—and an establishment, of which innocent Lucinda never seems to have thought. But its immediate orientation is in the direction of Bond Street. With the modern maiden love is no artless thing of sighs and palpitations and soft surrenders. It is a campaign; and spring only marks the emergence from winter quarters to the fierce excitement of the stricken field.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

THE WELSH CHURCH BILL.

BY THE HON. W. ORMSBY-GORE, M.P.

THE debate and division on the second reading of the Welsh Church Bill shows that as far as the Government and the House of Commons are concerned the situation is unaltered. The Cabinet and the Welsh Liberal members have set their faces against any modification of the Bill, and regard any demands for fairer treatment of the Church, whether from Liberal Churchmen or from Welsh Nonconformists, with the same anger and contempt which they always exhibit when the meanness of their proposals is pointed out by the Opposition. The Liberal Churchmen in the House of Commons, with the exception of Sir Edward Beauchamp, proved themselves once more to be broken reeds. Their solid vote in support of the Bill was emphasised by their complete silence in the debate. The only note of discord in the coalition ranks was the speech of Mr. Keir Hardie—a Welsh Labour member—who pleaded for some small compensation for the curates of the Church in Wales, and who pointed out that in the "Irish precedent", as it is called by the Government, the Irish curates received compensation. Anyone who knows Wales knows that both on account of their zeal and the meagreness of their emoluments the curates in Wales are not less deserving than were their mates in Ireland.

While the Cabinet remains deaf to all appeals, from whatever source, the popular opposition to the Bill is steadily increasing. Those who have been actively engaged in the work of Church defence have been amazed at the result of the Nonconformist protests in various parts of Wales. If we had been told twelve months ago that more than one hundred thousand Welsh Nonconformists over twenty-one years of age would sign a protest to the Prime Minister against the seizure of the ancient churchyards and against all the disendowment clauses of the Bill, we should have told our prophet that his optimism exceeded our credulity. Two facts serve to emphasise the significance of this protest. In the first place, more than five-sixths of the hundred thousand signatures were obtained after the publication of the St. Asaph protest. This latter was received with a storm of denunciation from the radical and Nonconformist hierarchies in Wales. All subsequent signatures in South Wales and Bangor were obtained when all who signed knew that such a course received most violent opposition from the officials of

both Liberal party and denominational authority. The Welsh Radical Press rang with fury—anyone who should sign would be a “traitor” or the “seller of his birthright”. Yet in spite of every effort against the protest it was signed by 87,000 members and adherents of Churches other than the Church of England, in South Wales and the Diocese of Bangor. The second significant fact is the number of prominent Liberals who not only signed the protest but served on the committees who authorised and executed it. In Bangor the Chairman of the Protest Committee was Mr. J. R. Davies, of Ceris, one of the most prominent and munificent Nonconformists in all Wales, treasurer of the Anglesey Liberal Association, chairman of the committee of Bala College, the Liberal son of a Liberal member and Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Anglesey. In South Wales the committee included Mr. F. H. Jotham, treasurer of the Cardiff Liberal Association; Councillor Secombe, a vice-president of the Cardiff Liberal Association; Mr. R. H. Lockhart Rees, secretary of the Liberal Association, Llanishen, Monmouthshire; Mr. Richard Cory, of Cardiff, and others similar.

One cannot resist a smile when one finds that the most contemptuous attack on this protest in the House of Commons came from the lips of that fiery Celt, Sir Alfred Mond.

But this protest is only one symptom of the growing unpopularity of the Government's proposals. Nothing could be more in consonance with the wishes of the nation than the carrying out of Mr. Bonar Law's pledge “that one of the first things a Unionist Government will do will be to restore to the Church in Wales the funds of which you have deprived her”. One may be permitted to hope that in addition to the restoration of the funds given by this Government to the library at Aberystwith or the Welsh County Councils to the Church, her ancient churchyards may be restored to her, and that she may be allowed to exercise her right of spiritual freedom in attending Convocation and forming part of an ancient union which she regards as vital to her organisation and her life, in spite of the express prohibition to the contrary contained in the disestablishing clauses of the Bill. One of the first actions of the Church in Wales, if she is disestablished, will be to demand the repeal of the “Convocation” clause in the present Bill. As to the churchyards, strong feeling is aroused in Wales to-day. The Nonconformists have everywhere their own burial-grounds and chapel-yards in Wales; in all important centres there are interdenominational or secular burial-grounds as well. Under the Bill the existing right of every parishioner, Nonconformist as well as Churchmen, in respect of burial in the parish churchyard is preserved, and yet the Welsh wolves are not satisfied. They must have our sacred spots to be maintained and controlled and owned by them. All this when chapel-yards and Nonconformist burial-grounds are not touched by the Bill, burial grounds in which Welsh Churchmen have no rights. The alienation of churchyards is unprecedented. It is persecution in its meanest form. It will create in Wales a sentiment of bitterness and division never to be effaced as long as it remains unrepealed. One notes with interest the sentiments of the Welsh Liberal Members of Parliament in this matter. Speaking at the meeting of the North Wales Calvinistic Methodist Association in Anglesey last Thursday week, Mr. Ellis Davies, M.P.—a veritable M. Combes—said, “It is better that the whole Bill should go than the churchyards should be surrendered”. This on a motion to “withdraw moral (sic!) support from the Government in the event of any further concessions”.

If the Government accept any of our proposals upon the “suggestion stage” there will be, we suppose, another Welsh revolt. This humiliating spectacle—humiliating for Wales—will prove of interest. Sir Alfred Mond will have to be made a peer and Mr. Ellis Davies a judge; Mr. Llewelyn Williams will be given a “private secretaryship” to an occupant of the front bench, and the Rev. Towyn Jones made a

knight. Still, the main work before Churchmen is to work for those who will effect not the tinkering possible on the suggestion stage, but a clean sweep of the Bill, which is already known to history as the meanest Bill, carried by the meanest methods for the meanest ends.

LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

VERY rarely indeed can it be said that a nation has risen to greatness which has lacked the pattern of virtue in its great men.

Nothing in the history of the world has counted like character; genius itself has lost its driving force when deprived, as it so rarely is, of personality, and it would be difficult to discover any notable period in a nation's history which had no heroic souls to bear its standards.

During the past years, the years in which we have so definitely fastened upon our shoulders the weightiest burden of Empire that has been linked about the world, no name has been so intimately associated with those increased responsibilities as that of Earl Roberts of Kandahar and Pretoria, and it is impossible to think of any other who has set a more illustrious ensample to the people he has served. Twice he has been called to their succour when fortune seemed at its utmost ebb; once on our Indian frontier, whence out of a very vortex of disasters he thrust triumphantly to the heart of Afghanistan, and, after holding his own against overwhelming odds, swept audaciously across the desolate waste of hills to rescue a British force near its southern border; and once, at an age when most men are glad to be done with fighting, he wiped away the stain which had lain in South Africa for nearly twenty years on our escutcheon, and won again the old respect for our Army in the eyes of the world.

In view of his still untiring activity, the unwearied spending of himself for his country, it is difficult to remember how great a space of time has been filled since Lord Roberts first risked his life for her. Two generations have been added to England's responsibilities since, as a young lieutenant of artillery, he won that emblem of valour which has never been pinned to a breast that was more supremely charged with it, and he had brushed shoulders a score of times with death before most of the little men who are unable to appreciate his greatness were even thought of.

Listening to the earnest persuasiveness of his pleading to the youth of England to accept the duties imposed by our possessions, watching the slight figure, unbent by age from its soldierly straightness, it is almost impossible to believe that he was granted the Queen's Commission sixty-three years ago. Why, many men who have never dreamed of danger nor tasted the faintest flavour of the hardships that beset a soldier's life are older after sixty-three years of life than Lord Roberts after that term of service; and, indeed, there are few men of his eminence who, despite their advantage in years, can compare with his alert vitality.

Sixty-three years ago he became a soldier, and six years later he was involved in that death struggle of our fortunes with the Indian mutineer in which for so long our power lay half strangled in a python clasp which would, if it could, have crushed out the breath under the very ribs of Empire. A few months later he had received his first wound, but that did not prevent his taking part in the storming of Delhi and the fierce fighting through the streets of the city.

He was, during subsequent operations, always in the thickest of the fray, marching with Greathead to Cawnpore, and taking part in the actions at Bulandshahr, Aligarh, Agra, Bithur, and Kanauj. He was at the relief of Lucknow in November and of Cawnpore in December, and joined in the pursuit and defeat of the Gwalior contingent.

Far-away days and names of little meaning to the little Engländer—but in those desperate years England knew her heroes, and followed their splendid achievements with a reverence and devotion incredible to a

generation which seems to have lost all pride in its British Blood. At Khudaganj, in January 1858, the young Artilleryman won the Cross by an act of conspicuous gallantry, cutting down a couple of sepoys and tearing the standard from their hands; and he was present at the actions which followed in quick succession; at the storming of Mianganj, the storming and capture of Lucknow, and the fight at Kursi.

He had crammed into those crowded months as much fighting as falls in his whole life to the average soldier, being seven times mentioned in despatches. Yet his career was but just begun, and the great services he was to render his country were far before him in the future. Not that the intervening years were idle, for in 1863 he took part in the Ambela campaign; in 1867 he was with Donald Stewart in Abyssinia, being three times mentioned in despatches; and in 1871 he endured the ardours of the Lushai expedition, which, hampered by cholera, had to cut its way for a hundred miles in stifling heat through the densest jungle, and was again mentioned in despatches and created a Companion of the Bath.

In 1878, commanding the Frontier Field Force at Abbottabad in Hazara, and later in the same year the Kuram Field Force, he came as a directing influence into history, and it should not be needful to mention the magnificent achievements by which he led his hastily strengthened force from Kuram to Kabul, held at bay and defeated at Sherpur a hundred thousand Afghans, and, at the lowest ebb of our frontier fortunes, marched over three hundred miles in twenty-two days to the relief of Kandahar, fighting a battle on his arrival. The Zhob and Hunza Nagar campaigns were still to add to his laurels on the frontier; but, meanwhile, the dramatic completeness of his career had been prepared by his recall while on his way to South Africa to avenge the defeat of Majuba, a piece of political folly the effects of which he was so splendidly to obliterate nineteen years later by the capture at Paardeberg of Cronje's army.

With such a record of unbroken victory most men would have been content to enjoy the honours they had won. But Lord Roberts viewed his work in another way. He had only thought of himself as the servant of his country, and so long as there was a service required he was there to render it; so when the brief enthusiasm for manliness roused by the Boer war declined, and he saw his countrymen lapsing once more into a fatal self-complacency, he faced the last and hardest fight in his career, and, severing himself from the pretentious futilities of National Defence Committees, set himself, when seventy-three, to teach England on what alone her security could depend. And if he has not yet succeeded in persuading the Mother Country to emulate the patriotism of her great Colonies, he has convinced all men of unprejudiced intelligence as to its necessity, and his unclouded faith and unrelenting energy have set to the age its most illustrious model.

One great quality reveals itself above all others in the work of these later years—his temperance. He once taught temperance to the soldier, vastly to the soldier's benefit. He has now shown how nobly he can enforce its claims upon himself. Never was a great cause urged with greater restraint of language; never were an opponent's arguments more honestly considered. Not once has an unfair point been made from the ignorance and stupidity of his detractors; nor has he ever assumed a temper in the mere controversialist less creditable than his own. He has believed throughout in the good sense of his countrymen and in the power of reason, patience and plain speaking to convince them. He never has tried, he never will try, any other methods; and, much as he has spoken and impressively as he can speak, he never suggests the orator; he is just a plain soldier telling the truth. Men may hear him, or shut their ears, he will go on telling them; not that there is profit or fame to be won by it, but simply because, under God, that seems to him to be his business.

Valour, kindness, simplicity, self-sacrifice, and with them all an unfailing courtesy, an unconquerable resolution. Nor has it sufficed him to set an example

to the soldier only. For fifty-four years, as a subaltern as surely as when commander-in-chief, he stood for that ideal of soldierly virtue that has so long been England's, of the man who fears God and fears nought else, who knows no cause except his country's, and can accept no respite save death's from serving her; to whom patience, justice, humility and gentleness are as dear as valour, and whose honour ever shines too clear to need defending.

We knew all this of him. Yet when he turned from arms to arguments, and tried to convince by his conviction those he had made secure by the sword, he brought into public life a sincerity and moderation which offered a conception of citizenship of value apart from the cause for which he pleaded. Whatever may be our views of that, there can be no dispute that wherever that gallant figure carries the flag of his faith a serener reason seems to breathe upon debate, and a sincere questioning to displace the spirit of contention.

He has thus proved himself as loyal a citizen as he has been a soldier, and no man with less than his weight of years can plead permission to take off his harness so long as in the van is such a leader, who can make light of every disability until his work is done.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(BY A CORRESPONDENT.)

IN weather that was perfect, Stratford, on Monday, ceased to be a small Warwickshire township and reached out, in attic truth, to the ends of the earth, and all because one of its citizens some three hundred years ago wrote plays. Down Bridge Street flags streamed out and bunting waved to signify that all the nations of the world forgot their differences and united to give homage to a burgess of old Stratford, to a man who drank sherris sack, bantered and chaffed his companions, and whose plays his confederates criticised freely, and of whom they said (as it is perfectly clear they did say) that Will Shakespeare was a good, hearty fellow of fair, honest speech, but if he only could write plays like Ben Jonson, proper plays classically made, there would be a better chance for their memory. We hear the echo of that opinion in Milton. Yet he took Ben's criticism easily; and went on with what he saw of the thing he wished to do. No doubt he saw perfectly well what Ben meant: most artists know perfectly well what their critics mean, and can see their critics' points of view as the critics cannot see theirs; but he was not deterred. And now the world gathers round to do homage—with what of sincerity it is not well to inquire too closely just at Festival time.

With Mr. Frank Benson touring in America Mr. Patrick Kirwan was entrusted with the management of the Festival, and had the unenviable difficulty of "star" actors putting his picture awry by suiting their own pleasure. In "The Merchant of Venice", on Monday, Mr. Bourchier appeared in the production he was responsible for ten years ago. His own interpretation of Shylock was excellent, though he was haunted overmuch by the fear of everything anyone had ever done before him; but the introduction of a star actor altogether ruined the proportion of the picture. Moreover, he came with his own scenery; and since the Memorial Theatre has adopted the extension of the proscenium-stage the result was a glaring misfit. This was not improved by a lack of cohesion in what we may call the *ensemble* of the acting. That, as the experience of the theatre has abundantly proved, is the inevitable result of star parts. But it is a more pertinent question to ask: What has this to do with the living miracle of a man who, by the fact of having written plays some three centuries ago, can effect a world-wide influence to-day? And to that there is a reply that has an important bearing on the function of these Festivals that are repeated year by year.

In the first place, let us say that our interest is with Shakespeare, not with this or that actor who may or may not advance his own reputation by interpretation of the dramatist's characters. In the second place, our interest is with Shakespeare, not as a dead dramatist, but as a living dramatist; not as one who is in any need of revival, but as one whose work is living to-day. These are very simple things to say, and they will seem to most as very obvious; but let us deal with them in turn to see what they will reveal.

If our chief interest be with Shakespeare, clearly then we will do those things that will best help to the interpretation of his plays. Mr. Bouchier, on Monday, for instance, encumbered as he was with heavy "sets" that were quite out of place, cut out large portions of the text, and fitted other parts together in a false sequence. Moreover, by demanding the centre of the stage for himself when it was clearly meant that Antonio should hold that place, he threw the whole grouping out of place. Thus in the two fundamental parts of a dramatist's craftsmanship, the sequence of development and the grouping of psychology, we had, in the theatre dedicated to him, not Shakespeare, but something else that wronged him as an artist. Even if the change were an improvement we would protest against it—especially at Stratford; but, as it chanced, the alterations were all for the worse; and not least injurious in this, that they have obscured from us for these many years what Ben Jonson failed to perceive: Shakespeare's extraordinary care and skill as a craftsman in the theatre. What we have spoken of as the miracle of the man who lived, thought, and laboured is swathed about by the personal wishes of other men. No homage of bunting can replace that which is yet due to him, the simple homage of letting him have his own way in his own works.

That leads to the second point, for it is clear that the truest way to recognise his greatness is to treat him not as a dead but as a living dramatist, and the best way to do that is to surround him with other living dramatists. Nothing that needs revival ought to be revived. Of all places, the theatre is not a place for revivals; it is a strenuous workshop. Shakespeare cannot usurp the Memorial Theatre for himself; and in casting about for plays like "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon", by Henry Porter, the Governors recognised that. But the result did not approve them, for, in spite of the great care that succeeded in making a very difficult play run smoothly, the play was too remote to hold the attention of the audience. It was a typical revival; it helped to show how little Shakespeare stands in need of revival; but it failed to answer the question as to whom we shall choose to accompany the master in his own theatre, for no artist can stand by himself. The essence of art is co-operation.

What, then, would be said if we were simply to assume that Shakespeare, as a maker of poetic drama, was but part of a company whose issue is living to-day? Would it not be a better tribute than all the flags of the nations if we were to accept the living miracle of the man's work, and to make it the centre of a miracle that still continues? We say that poetic drama has flagged in England. That is not true. It is true that the insistence of star parts in the commercial theatre has so shut the outlet for such drama that there is little inducement for poets who wish to cast their work in a dramatic mould to make it suitable for theatrical conditions. But the work is being done notwithstanding; and if poets only knew that a theatre suitable for their kind of work, and a body of actors unhampered by those who demanded star parts, were available, the work would issue without delay. What would be the result? Would not an eager, bustling, adventuresome workshop, in which dramatists worked energetically for the betterment of their craft, be a better Shakespeare Festival than the display of much bunting? If that were done Shakespeare would have a tribute in Stratford such as he never yet has had; and in a new sense altogether Stratford might become the centre of the world's attention.

THE USES OF VULGARITY.

BY JOHN PALMER.

PEOPLE who think that our London entertainments should reflect all aspects of London life have long regretted the increasing respectability and pretentiousness of the London music-hall. I understand that the London music-hall once stood for a definite and a useful ideal. It was a place where people could be vulgar. The music-hall is even now remembered as a place where one red-nosed man kicked another red-nosed man where kicks are usually bestowed, to the suitable and accurately timed accompaniment of all the stronger percussion instruments in the orchestra. But, alas! the music-hall has now grown super-subtle and refined. The red-nosed man has disappeared to make room for effects by Professor Reinhardt and opera by Signor Mascagni. When the Grand Circle at a shilling is not pretending to understand plays in French or operas in Italian, it is, I hope, being bored to extinction by musicians who, not being quite good enough for the Bechstein Hall, perform as the Harmony Six or the Wandering Three at the Coliseum. Vulgarity to-day has nowhere to lay his head. We may be sensually provocative, indecent, and cynically ribald; but we must on no account be vulgar. We may degrade music to the status of an acrobatic show; but we must not forget our gentility. We may present Shakespeare in potted excerpts; but we must remember always to be respectable. The music-hall to-day tries to be everything except what its purpose and origin clamours that it should be. It has driven out the healthy broadness and vulgarity which justified its existence as part of our national life. The red-nosed man has been sacrificed to the wholly unsuccessful efforts of our modern theatres of variety to be distinguished.

This is really a serious matter; for vulgarity has its uses. It is a wise dispensation that compels a man regularly day by day to remember that he is a person vulnerable to physical indignity. When people begin to forget all about their vulgar bodies they are in danger of entering the vacuum which Nature abhors. It is not injurious—it is even wise—to pretend, as civilised people, that we are creatures wholly spiritual and intellectual, so long as we have a red-nosed man seasonably to remind us that we are nothing of the kind. The red-nosed man is especially necessary in England, which explains, perhaps, why the English, obeying an instinct of national self-preservation, so tenaciously cling to him. The Englishman is usually an idealist, sometimes an intellectual prig, and always an able moralist. Such a combination would inevitably lead him to the insufferable pride which precedes a certain fall, were it not that Nature has providentially streaked his character with a healthy and companionable grossness—the strain that has always lived in his theatres as "low" comedy, which gave to us in Falstaff the greatest of all red-nosed men, which to-day shines in the heavy eyebrows and painted face of Mr. George Robey. Thank heaven for Mr. George Robey! To him and to his ancestors we owe the blessed fact that England to-day is not wholly ruled by the conventicles. We cannot permanently be misled by the intellectual nose so long as Mr. Robey thrusts his flaming proboscis into our sociable faces. He brings us to earth in our need—the blessed earth which is the only firm foothold for people who would grasp at the stars.

Now that I have begun to celebrate Mr. George Robey as an institution, let me continue to celebrate him as one of the most delightful figures of the English stage. I have taken him as an instance of the legitimate triumph of the permanent vulgarity of human nature. I am not, of course, using the word vulgarity in a derogatory sense. Mr. Robey's vulgarity is that universal low comedy of life which keeps it wholesome, free of priggishness and unreality. There is an even better way to see life than either of those offered by the epigrammatist's celebrated dilemma concerning intellectual comedy and

emotional tragedy. Life, for the purposes of every day, is best viewed neither as a comedy nor a tragedy, but simply as horseplay—a rough and tumble encounter with fortune, where kicks may without loss of dignity be received, where we may be freely mishandled without losing the sympathy of one's companions, where the surprises and accidents of circumstance provoke a laughter as elemental as the laughter of an infant suddenly discovering that the Pomeranian terrier is not a portion of the hearthrug. Such is the laughter of Mr. George Robey. He expresses what is common to everyone who is not too big for his miserable boots. He is as necessary a purge for our intellectual and moral systems as any of the classical Kathartic devices scheduled in Aristotle. No one can enjoy a quarter of an hour of his society without feeling a better and a more sociable man. His touch of nature is the best possible sermon for an Englishman: indeed, there are scores of people who would be better for being compelled regularly, as a spiritual exercise, to sit under him. Mr. Robey simply does not know all the good he does; I can only faintly imagine the awed surprise with which he will read this article and discover uses and virtues in himself of which, in his charming way, he is so delightfully unaware.

Mr. George Robey's subject is vulgarity—the sublimated vulgarity we have discovered in the plain Englishman and celebrated as his one redeeming quality. But do not confuse Mr. Robey's subject with the means whereby he offers it to his delighted friends. The art whereby Mr. Robey portrays, to take one of his best creations, the battered "Has-Been" who lets apartments to artistes of the profession, is by no means vulgar art, though its subject is vulgarity upon the heights. Mr. Robey's art is in method every way as refined as the art of Sir John Hare or Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. It is deft and very swift; he economises his means till we hardly can see how the thing is done at all; he never repeats, or labours, or leans with too heavy a hand; one word, a look, and a quick gesture, and the laugh comes as surely as though he were switching on the electric light. Here we have lightness and precision, arousing in anyone with eyes for good craft an admiration always ready for the man who can do a difficult thing—a thing of the imagination—superlatively well. I am afraid there are many people talking high art to-day who still tend to confuse the subject of the artist with his treatment. If any of these people thoughtlessly depreciate Mr. George Robey, understanding him to be "vulgar", let them take a lesson in the need to distinguish. Mr. Robey's art is as delicate and refined as a player's art can be.

One part of Mr. George Robey's secret is his power to make the audience do the work. He always prefers that the audience shall make the joke rather than he. It is this which makes him a particularly good type of the companionable "low" humourist, generically described as the red-nosed man. When Mr. Robey tells the audience that he is married, he does not write a comedy in three acts, or enter upon a long story of his adventure. He just says that he is married, pauses, and looks hard at the audience. The audience does the rest. Mr. Robey's art is almost always an art of suggestion. He knows he can suggest a hundred different jokes to a hundred different people by appealing to their common humanity. The appeal, of course, has to be imagined and practised by an expert. Moreover, the joke must always be

"Broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture".

Mr. Robey knows there are not more than half a dozen jokes in the world—jokes really original and infallible. He knows them all; and he knows, too, how to get them competently home. Then let everybody within reach of him, who would be accounted human, laugh; for the man who does not laugh will stay for ever in the outer cold.

OPERA BEGINS.

IT is often said that there is no public for opera in London. The Covent Garden programme for the week has shown, on the contrary, that there are at least two publics for opera in London. The trouble is that there is only one opera house, that this opera house is very large, that it is unsubsidised, and that the management is quite legitimately concerned to fill it. The Puccini-Melba combination, or, indeed, any combination of stars and melody, can be trusted to fill it. The house was crowded on Monday, and the crowd had come to hear Melba in "La Bohème". It was not Melba alone nor "La Bohème" alone that drew the audience, but the two together, and of the two Melba was assuredly the greater attraction. Melba is more than a *prima donna*; she is an institution. The critic surrenders not so much to her voice as to her charm. For Melba has something of Ellen Terry's secret, and Mimi, of all her parts, gives best scope to the simplicity of her style. She can do what she likes with her audience when once they have heard her sing "Thank you" early in the first act. She is so natural, so wonderfully fresh. Hers is indeed a great style. But, Melba and her charm apart, is it music? The question suggests itself because Mr. Coates conducted on Monday. In the spring season Mr. Coates got a magnificent performance of the "Meistersinger" chiefly because he steadily made every point in the score. He used the same method on Monday, reminding us that Puccini, too, works with the Wagnerian apparatus of motives. And the result was a failure. The music would not stand it; at moments—notably at the close of the third act—it seemed ludicrously thin. Are we, then, to conclude that Puccini is not music? By no means; Mr. Coates has simply proved that Puccini is not Wagner. Puccini is an Italian, with the Italian's gift for easily writing good tunes. Like Verdi in "Falstaff" he uses the Wagnerian technique to link his tunes together. But to lay stress on his Wagnerisms is to wrong him in the same sense as Wagner is wronged when played as though the only things that mattered were his great pieces of lyrical orchestration. The two men are at opposite poles, and therefore demand different treatment and appeal to different publics.

It is easy to see why the Wagnerian public is the smaller. You can go to a Puccini opera after a hard day's work; you watch the development of a simple story which never makes you think, and you come away with a little collection of jolly, stylish melodies chasing one another through your head. But Wagner was a poet who wrote music. There are in the poets certain phrases—any reader can think of a dozen, and Macbeth especially is full of them—which mean more than they say. The critics will tell you that it is some trick of the association of ideas, whereby the particular immediately but mysteriously suggests the general. Wagner's motives are the equivalents of these poets' phrases, and it is just because they mean so much that he likes to join them to inanimate objects. The general application is thus made easier. Take, for example, the sword motive in the "Walküre". It suggests the sword, it suits the sword; but there is in it all the thrill and glory of heroic achievement. It stands for a whole phase of human nature. When Wagner was writing he thought at one and the same time of the particular fact, which he put into his text, and of its general association, which he put into his music. The process is intellectual, and to appreciate it you must follow Wagner's thought, and this necessity makes Wagner an intellectual ordeal. But the effect is emotional, and is sometimes overwhelmingly strong. Take, for an example, the stock instance of Hagen's greeting to Siegfried in the notes of Alberich's curse. The effect is so tremendous that you catch your breath, and it is not until you have heard the Ring perhaps half-a-dozen times that you can so far collect yourself as to pull it to pieces and ask how it is done. The analysis gives a new rational joy to the music, and incidentally shows why parts of Act. II. of the "Walküre" are dull. It is impossible to link up the gods with general principles because they are general prin-

ciples themselves. Wagner, feeling this, strove to individualise them; but, misled by Homer, he made them exaggeratedly human in their weaknesses, and consequently found that their characters were not worth generalising about. Hence the dullness of Wotan's long narration. Contrast it with Gurnemanz's narrative early in "Parsifal". Gurnemanz is given a most wonderful accompaniment—all the opera is in it—which reflects the thoughts behind his words. But Wotan is given nothing. Even when he recapitulates the story of Rheingold he gets no more than a reminiscent phrase or two. That is because there is no background of mystery and sorrow to Wotan's thought. He knows all there is to know quite clearly, and his music can do nothing but reflect his mood of sombre melancholy. What a change to the dramatic hint of "Siegfried" as the flames leap up around the sleeping Brunnhilde!

The best modern conductors, reacting rightly enough from the old Italian manner, give their energies to bringing out the full meaning of the orchestration by emphasising Wagner's treatment of his motives. They give us beautiful playing—Nikisch's rendering of the first two "Ring" operas was an intellectual treat—but they specialise rather too much. Wagner did not write only for orchestra. He composed operas, not symphonies. A perfect performance of Wagner demands a synthesis of orchestra, singing, and stage management. The singing this week left much to be desired. Apparently a Wagnerian singer falls between two stools. On the one hand, Wagner put a tremendous strain on the voice, and there are some Wagnerian singers who are resolved at all costs to be heard, especially when they have to deal with a conductor who does not seem to care whether they are heard or not. Herr Bender and Herr Cornelius both belong to this school, and, as a result of over-exerting themselves, they sometimes sang out of time. On the other hand, Miss Fay and Fräulein Kappel, realising that they had been given beautiful music, resolved to sing it, and sacrificed power to style. Four singers, Herr Kiess, Herr Bechstein, Herr Fönnss, and Madame Kirkby Lunn combined the two qualities and got the true Wagnerian effect. It is curious that Herr Knüpfer, whose Gurnemanz is perhaps the best model of Wagnerian singing to be heard on the modern stage, should have failed as Fasolt.

The stage management remains the weak point of the Covent Garden productions. Wagner revelled in the stage realism of his time, and let his genius amuse itself with stage devices which we should now relegate to pantomime. But his music carries off their crudities. After those grotesque phrases which precede the entrance of the Giants, no figures would seem absurd. But it is possible, and on the whole better suited to modern ideas, to fall back on symbolic suggestions and let the music stimulate the imagination. Either method will serve. Thus, at the beginning of the third act of the "Walküre" you may either draw cardboard figures across the back cloth or you may let forked lightning flash at the back of an absolutely darkened stage. But you must not hedge between the two methods, as Covent Garden does, and represent the flying Valkyries by something looking like a baby Zeppelin. Further, the realism must be effective. The steam and crimson canvas business in "Rheingold" is really not worth looking at, and it would be better to use a thin curtain. The symbolism, too, must be obvious. If the gods are to enter Valhalla on a beam of light, the beam must be permanently visible, and must lead from the foreground to the Castle. Tuesday's beam fluctuated and ran from the sky to a point in the middle of the rock. A trifle, no doubt; but it spoils the effect of the closing scene.

S.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IN a sounding, and to me rather senseless, phrase somebody famous describes Gothic architecture as frozen music. Reprehensibly uncertain as to his

identity, I must not proceed to name him on mere suspicion. Nor does it matter, for all that this tag is required for is to provide a text. Frozen music may be a dubious delight, but frozen hilarity is a positive blunder. Imagine a couple on a hilltop performing an impromptu and facetious tango; imagine their jocular friends applauding them; conceive then these unfortunates smitten, out of the blue sky, with irremediable paralysis. Their faces, "pulled" into smiles, become strained and fixed, the transient smile of life hardening into the martyr's mechanical grin; their clapping gestures are petrified, they extend vain hands checked in the natural and indivisible movement of applause. The flux of life and interpenetrating movements, inevitable and without a break, is arbitrarily arrested and merri-ment stiffens into tragic imbecility.

Something like this has happened in Mr. Strang's "The Picnic", exhibited with the International Society in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is not difficult to see why his picture achieves this unfortunate effect nor impossible to discern the original cause, the pre-determinant attitude of mind that produces this and similar failures. The immediate reason of such an effect of sudden petrification is that we feel an incongruity between Mr. Strang's subject and its expression. The particular convention he is experimenting with is that of formal classical arrangement, conceived in the tradition of mural decoration. Once you adopt this tradition you commit yourself to a distinct code and form of expression; consistency with the convention employed is essential. "Antigone" performed in the manner best suited to Mr. Somerset Maugham's plays, or a heraldic lion designed with the realism of a photograph, would be fair examples of inconsistency between convention and expression. To make his picture consistent Mr. Strang would have to become a "whole-way" realist, or discover the qualities in gesture and hilarity that are at home on the high plane of classic decoration. Charles Keene may be safely recommended as a pattern for realistic merriment, both as to scale and material. It is more difficult to think of the ideal sublime treatment; I suspect that heraldic gestures and the uncompromising laughter of a Comic Mask or Japanese colour-print would be the only satisfactory solution. However that may be, Mr. Strang's picture effectively shows that homely realistic grins and hand-claps do not go with the solemnity of the classic convention, and that the naïve expedient of freezing everyday gestures and facial movements in order to achieve the requisite decorative style works in the worst possible way.

The next question is, What ails Mr. Strang that he lets himself in for this kind of fiasco? To say that a feverish and conscious anxiety to be novel is just now embarrassing many of our painters is only to fit a new name to their complaint. Among the sufferers in this one exhibition are Mr. Lambert, Mr. Newbery, and Mr. Kennington. I attribute their common indisposition simply to this, they are painting, as it were, to pass the time, to fill the intervals between their really serious inspirations. We have often watched the ingenious juggling and sensational feats of fieldsmen in a cricket match wherewith the interval between the dismissal of one batsman and the advent of the next is enlivened. The same sort of irresponsible high spirits seems to me manifested in Mr. Strang's "Picnic" and Mr. Lambert's "Important People". I recognise and admire the daring and the ingenuity of these trick-displays, but I question if these artists will have all this energy to spare for deliberate audacity and fireworks when their hour comes to be ridden by profound emotion. On the other hand, and as far as it goes, "Important People" is the best thing Mr. Lambert has shown. The design is interesting and successful, the coster girl and baby are seen with far more perception than Mr. Lambert has led one to expect. Such incidents dispose one to be indulgent to the fatal banality of the male figures.

Mr. Kennington's way of "putting in the time" is to flirt with Pre-Raphaelite doctrines. I read somewhere that his picture deals with "sordid" life; more

inexact description is incredible. An objection that might legitimately be made is that his preoccupation with the ceremonial and observances of P.R.B. dogma has prevented his "Costermongers" being genuine "sordid" costermongers at all. Though why a man selling hot potatoes is "foul; gross; filthy; dirty" baffles me. Mr. Kennington seems to have scrupulously hired authentic costers to pose in his studio; he has made careful studies of potato ovens, shop windows, and placards; and yet he does not distil the genuine life-essence from his material. His figures are players in an admirably got up Pre-Raphaelite tableaux; they are not people surprised in the very act of costering, thick, as one might say, with the roughness, the shrewdness, the raucousness, atmosphere and character of their tribe.

One of the best things in this very interesting and well-hung show is Millais's "Mrs. Heugh", dated 1872. A quotation in the catalogue suggesting comparison with Rembrandt incites one to contrast these painters' ways of feeling. The mysterious and unfathomable humanity of Rembrandt's "Old Lady", of 1661, in the National Gallery, used up all his enthusiasm, so that none was left over for accessories. The character of "Mrs. Heugh", on the other hand, although it obviously interested Millais deeply, did not absorb all his enthusiasm: he had a margin to spare for the colour and texture of her chair and the sagacity and plumage of her parrot. The result, fine as it is, suggests that an artist cannot have it, as we say, both ways; his picture will suffer by just so much as there is interest left unabsorbed by the chief motif in it. Millais's enthusiasm was divided between his sitter and the charm of texture and sensuous colour, a charm that Rembrandt felt in his youth and then outgrew. M. Simon Bussy's enthusiasm is evenly distributed, in his "Portrait of Jane-Simone", over the subtle character of the child and the exigent and artificial requirements of his academy. So that the intensity of feeling and perception which should have gone to the serious business of his picture has been diverted to less important things. Thus regarded, M. Bussy violates one of the fundamental rules for composition—a picture must not have conflicting interests. Attentive study of most "advanced" painters of to-day would discover a similar laxity in observing good old-fashioned laws of structure, tone, and painting. The revolutionaries of the past, no matter how original and subversive, seem always to have kept within these laws. In much the same way, I suppose, the epoch makers in engineering and locomotion manage to make their discoveries accord with laws of gravity.

The landscapes in this exhibition, with one or two exceptions, are of a retiring disposition; at least, I seem to remember the portraits and figure pieces to the exclusion of all but Mr. Cameron's "Ben Vorlich" and Mr. Mayor's "West Wind". Both of these are impressive and would be more impressive on smaller canvases. An almost universal truth is that the larger landscapes are the more they lose. Mr. Cameron's "Ben Vorlich", pregnant with solemn feeling and seen by one whose sympathy responds to the elemental massiveness and enduring patience of Nature, is yet not large enough in actual pattern, not sufficiently dominating in silhouette for the scale used. Mr. Mayor's subject in itself forbids a large canvas save in the hands of some colossal designer—Cotman, for instance, or Crome. But in such hands Mr. Mayor's motif would become transposed into a more static key: its sense of motion and fugitive effect would be replaced by monumental calm. Constable, to whom this windy theme would have been more sympathetic, proves repeatedly that it can be most satisfactorily expressed on a little canvas. In closing, I must admiringly refer to Mr. Dulac's caricatures: they show what can be done when a fine draughtsman breaks out as a witty satirist. Also must I allude to Mr. MacEvoy's "The Dressing-room", the most beautiful drawing in the exhibition, and that I remember by this artist, concerning whom I wrote more fully a short while ago.

APRIL IN THE GARDEN.

THE spring which came so suddenly at Easter this year, the abrupt change from three months of dripping skies and sodden soil to cloudless sun and winds with all the virtues and none of the vices of the east, has not been pure gain to the garden. The gardener, who is only a sublimated farmer, must have his grumble, as one of the privileged tribe: and the extraordinary outburst of life crowded into the last fortnight stirs the feeling that all the beauty is going by too fast for him to grasp his due share of it. When the thermometer is at 75 in the shade, and there is a strength in the full sun which makes him look instinctively for shade from still naked boughs, summer seems to have come at a bound, cheating him of half the delicate charm in the approaches and pauses, the gradual flush of life which belongs to the ideal April. It is very pleasant to see one's early tulips, the platoons of Keizerkroon, Duchesse de Parma, Cottage Maid, and their contemporaries, come into bloom with a swift unanimity which almost suggests the influence of an enchanter's wand, stout and even in growth, wholly unspoiled by wind and weather; the disservice done by the compelling sun is the brief spell, a bare week or so, before the flaming scarlets are brown and dead, and the petals, bleached white at the edges, begin to fall. The earliest narcissi in the open quarters are before this shrivelled and gone, and the pheasant's-eyes and biflorus tribes, which in a less hasty year carry on the succession far into May, are already opening. Only where colonies of bulbs have been planted, as they should be, in cool and shady corners, under fruit trees and on the north side of walls and shrubberies, will there be any yellow daffodils worth the picking, in the latitude of London at least. A season like the present one should teach effectually the need for successional growth, by the choice of early and late sorts and the planting in aspects which will forward and retard.

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But when the necessary grievance has been aired, what a field of unreserved rejoicing is left for the contemplative gardener! Contemplative, because it is all too easy at this hurrying season, when the natural pressure of work is doubled by the legacy of arrears from the drenched weeks of February and March, to be so busy on the ground as to have hardly a look to give to the glories which we planned with so much thought and labour, now materialised (if we would but spare a minute from the cares of the future, and lean a breathing space on the spade or the hoe to look about us) beyond the top of our most ambitious hopes.

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There is, perhaps, nothing at the present moment in English flower gardens to touch the magnificence of the rock-crests or aubrietias, where they are grown as they should be, not "bedded out" in little clumps or strung out as edgings on the flat, but hanging in solid mats or cushions over rockwork or down old walls, established, as they love to be, for ten years or more, and measured by the square yard of intense purple. Their colour is extraordinarily vivid and pure, and in grey weather, and most noticeably in the half-light of the after-glow, shines as if it were luminous by its own power. The deeper purples are the finest, but the paler shades should not be neglected. Contrasts with the white of arabis and the deeper and lighter yellows of alyssum are admirable, but they should be arranged with a light hand, and anything avoided so obvious as the suggestion of a repeated pattern.

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Many of the most beautiful effects of spring colour are due to the rock-plants, and that without any absolute need for a seriously made rock-garden. For individual beauty of hue, as distinct from the power of mass, the blue of the gentianella is unapproachable. The plant is unfortunately "difficult" in some soils, but it is worth growing, even if it gives but a spray bloom or two, for its charm is meant for close inspec-

tion, and not for the *coup d'œil*: one must be near enough to perceive the subtle mixture of freckled green and black in the throat of the trumpet. The mossy saxifrages are already in full bloom: the newer sorts suffer a good deal from strong sunshine, for their large flowers, a splendid crimson when first opened, quickly bleach to a dull and unpleasing puce-red. It is to be hoped that further improvements in this very modern type will overcome the fault of fugitive colour.

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The practice of "spring bedding" has become so common of late years that we are perhaps apt rather to overlook some of the finer qualities of the biennial flowers used in it, and to deal with them in too wholesale and perfunctory a way. There is scope for delightful passages if the colours are kept together in large breadths, and arranged with a nice eye for harmony and contrast. A southward sloping garden in the intense sunlight of mid-April, showing on the declivity belts and islands of wallflower, the deeper and the paler yellows, the old dark crimson and the newer shades of pink and cream, the clear blue of myosotis, purple, yellow and white of self-coloured violas, makes a picture which might disturb the complacency of the strictest adherent of the perennial-border school. An old-fashioned close at this season, a place where the clouds of orchard-blossom make a background for strong and tender colour in the borders, and not even the kitchen-quarters are forgotten, helps us to realise that the happy gardener must always rise above his rules.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65 Howard Street, Oxford.

SIR,—I attended a meeting held at the British Schools, Cowley Road, the other night, under the auspices of the Liberal or Radical Party, Mr. Councillor W. M. Gray in the chair, and Mr. Herbert Du Parcq, barrister-at-law, the new candidate for the City of Oxford, as chief speaker. In a letter in to-day's "Oxford Times", signed R. Howse, I see he has been cordially received at several meetings. I asked a question, not being allowed to make any speech, on the above subject. Did Mr. Du Parcq wish Ireland to be like Australia and Canada, a self-governing colony? His reply was not very definite. He seemed to think Ireland ought to have a Parliament in Dublin. The Irish people ought to be as free as the air they breathe, etc., etc. He was quite pleased to expatiate round the question. It is a wonderful thing that Home Rule should have done so well because we know that there is no enthusiastic following in the country, and so long as the Cabinet in the House of Commons can get a majority of 80 there seems every prospect of Sir E. Carson's occupation being likely to continue. On the other hand, there would seem to be very little probability that the new War Minister will be desirous of coercing Ulster. On the contrary, I should think that he will be only too desirous of pretending that he is in entire agreement with Ulster's views and wishes. Like Australia and Canada, when told to contribute Dreadnoughts to be controlled by our Government, they would rather be consulted first as to what use is to be made of them. Ulster is not likely to submit to any sort of treatment Dublin may think proper to impose upon her. If they miss me, I'll take care I don't miss them, is a very proper reply to evicted Home Rulers out of work.

HENRY PASH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The comments of Mr. Tarver on your attitude on the Army crisis are not helpful. The situation is peculiar and dangerous: Ulster is prepared to resist Home Rule, and, so far, nothing appears by way of suitable compromise.

The suggestion in the SATURDAY REVIEW's leading article, "The Difficulties of Settlement"—for the Opposition to

support the Government and settle the matter without the Nationalist Party—is a good one if it could be arranged, and, whilst they were together, some "national" agreement might be come to about the reform of the Upper House—redistribution, and possibly a settlement of the religious education, and an understanding on economic matters.

The country has remained very quiet during recent Parliamentary events. The dangerous state of things in Ulster is, one might say, *de facto*. Other issues mentioned have not reached that stage yet, still it is, on the whole, perhaps not unreasonable to hope that a party truce might be arranged, by some means agreeable and fair to both sides, to put things generally to rights.

Yours faithfully,

G. E. B.

FEDERATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

120 West Regent Street, Glasgow

17 April 1914.

SIR,—“Federation”, in various forms, has recently been suggested as a method of settling the Irish question. Mr. Frederick S. Oliver has published a pamphlet, in which he shows, in accordance with his title, "What Federalism is Not", and that it is impossible to apply it to Ireland, as it is incompatible with the Home Rule Bill, both in principle and detail. Neither in Mr. Oliver's monograph nor in the speeches, letters and articles which I have seen, has there been reference to the views of the late Professor Freeman, given in his "Greater Greece and Greater Britain" (Macmillan, 1886), Appendix. In a reasoned analysis of "Federation", considered both as a word and as a fact, he speaks of it as "A voluntary union of independent States, keeping some powers to themselves and granting others to a central authority of their own creation". This seems to imply that before federation could be applied to Ireland, she must first be made independent, and then voluntarily federate with the other parts of the United Kingdom!

He also says that "no ruling State has ever admitted its subject States into a federal relation". I give these specimens, my object being to direct attention to this important contribution to the subject, written by Professor Freeman before the Irish question became acute.

I am, your obedient servant,

ROBERT GUY.

THE CASE OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I suppose we shall hear less of the people of Ulster trying to overawe Parliament and prevent it from passing the Home Rule Bill now that the Government has made an attempt to overawe the people of Ulster and prevent them from opposing it.

There is a question on this subject which I put to several Liberal newspapers, most of which did not insert it, while none answered it, viz.: What have the majority of the people of Ulster done that justifies the total disregard of their clearly expressed wishes as regards the future government of Ulster? It will hardly be contended that there is a single line in the Bill as it now stands that was framed with a view of making any concession whatever to their well-known wishes.

Truly yours,

OBSERVER.

"THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21, Abercorn Place, N.W.,

22 April 1914.

SIR,—For more than two years the Government has allowed Ulster to raise, equip, and train, openly and deliberately, an illegal force of 100,000 armed men.

On Friday last the "Westminster Gazette", in a leading article, recorded as a matter of fact that "the Nationalist

Volunteer Movement has received a considerable impetus during the last few weeks".

What are plain men to understand?

That the Government has abdicated its right and duty to govern?

That, finding itself unable to cope with the situation which it has itself created, it is now deliberately allowing this new illegal force to be called into existence "to redress the balance of the old"?

That, in short, the Government is allowing the country to drift, not only into civil war, but, through its own inability to govern, into civil war of a stupendous and appalling kind, which, should it come, would "stagger humanity"?

Your obedient servant,

AN IRISH UNIONIST.

THE FAILURE OF MR. NORMAN ANGELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hungary,

28 March 1914.

SIR,—Mr. Wright accuses me of misrepresentation. This is, of course, a very familiar argument to all who have held controversy with Norman Angellists. But the misrepresentation of which I am accused is a peculiar one. I am conceded to have quoted Mr. Angell's own words in connection with their context. But this is misrepresentation! If, however, it is misrepresentation to quote an adversary's own arguments with reference to his general line of reasoning, how is one to conduct an argument? Perhaps Mr. Wright will enlighten me! Again, Mr. Wright joins issue with me on a point of fact. He accuses me of putting forward an argument which Mr. Angell has already dealt with in "The Great Illusion". He would have it, in fact, that my reading of "The Great Illusion" has been as hasty and superficial as his own; and that this charge arises from his own ignorance as to what Mr. Angell *does* say and does *not* say I shall proceed to demonstrate.

Mr. Angell, as is well known, uses the analogy of the small States as a proof that modern wealth needs no protection by armaments because it cannot be confiscated to economic advantage. He assumes clearly and definitely that these small States—Holland, Belgium, etc.—are militarily at the mercy of their big neighbours. He writes that the small States, "if our political pundits are correct, could any day have their wealth gobbled up by those voracious big neighbours". To leave no shadow of doubt, he expressly tells us "the political security of the small States is *not* assured: no man would take heavy odds on Holland being able to maintain complete political independence if Germany cared seriously to threaten it". Mr. Angell's own words, therefore, make it clear that he takes as the basis of his argument the assumption that these States are militarily defenceless. It is this assumption alone that gives point to the analogy, for if these States are *not* militarily defenceless, why should their prosperity be regarded as demonstrating that economic security can exist independently of military power? As a matter of fact, however, these States are *not* militarily defenceless—they are protected up to the hilt by the balance of power. If Germany ventured to send a single battalion into Holland for purposes of armed strife, she would raise up questions that would threaten her very existence as a State. The same thing applies to the annexation of any other small State. These, therefore, are afforded full military protection, and, being militarily secure, how can it be logically argued that their economic prosperity proves that armaments are unnecessary for the protection of wealth?

The passage that Mr. Wright quotes in connection with small States is not an anticipation of the argument used above: it was written in reply to those who would have it that the security of the small States is dependent upon the moral force which attaches to treaties of neutrality, concerning which Mr. Angell instances the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina as an example of the futility of relying upon such treaties.

Insomuch as he consistently assumes that the small States are militarily at the mercy of their larger neighbours, and upon this assumption bases an argument that wealth cannot be confiscated, Mr. Angell's arguments are obviously based upon hasty, superficial reasoning.

Now, I must deal very briefly with Mr. Wright's argument concerning a war indemnity. I demonstrated in my letter that a war indemnity of £1,000,000,000 could be used as capital to develop productive industry, and the dilemma that Mr. Angell sets before economists—viz., that the war indemnity must either be retained within the national boundaries, in which case there would result a general rise in prices, or be exchanged abroad for *real* wealth, in which case the articles imported would compete with native industries—could, as a matter of fact, be very easily dealt with. Mr. Wright replies by questioning the possibility of extracting a war indemnity of that amount at all. "If it is to be paid in gold . . . much time must be allowed for the difficult and dangerous process—for all countries—of collecting gold. If, on the other hand, the thousand millions are to be paid in paper . . . British credit must remain sound. . . . If British credit is to remain sound, the normal life of the country must not be seriously interfered with. . . . If the normal life of the country is not to be seriously interfered with, how is the conqueror to apply the necessary continuous pressure?" It would be difficult to imagine arguments more confused or contradictory than those above. Unfortunately, reasons of space prevent my doing these arguments anything like justice. It is delightful to meet an opponent so dangerous to his own side as Mr. Wright. First, Mr. Wright tells us that a war indemnity of £1,000,000,000 can be paid in gold. The German Government, therefore, can demand payment in five annual instalments of £200,000,000. But the Government assured of this stream of gold can act as its own banker. The credit system is a two-edged weapon. This victorious Government could issue paper money to the extent of two or three times the amount of the annual flow of gold. Are we really to assume that the merchants of the world would have so little confidence in the credit of a victorious Government which they know is assured of £1,000,000,000, that they would decline to honour its paper? Such a surmise is obviously preposterous. The German Government would be thus in a position to extract a war indemnity greatly exceeding £1,000,000,000 in value, and would be easily able to counteract any adverse reactions upon German commerce caused by the withdrawal of British credit by the simple policy of affording support to its own bankers.

Lastly, we come to the question as to whether such a war indemnity could be utilised to the economic advantage of the German nation. I suggested in my letter that this sum could be used as capital, and that it could be exchanged abroad for raw materials and productive machinery, thus preventing a general rise in prices or the swamping of native industries by excessive importations. And readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW scarcely need me to tell them that the expenditure of the war indemnity upon articles likely to compete with native industries can be prevented by means of tariffs. Mr. Wright is, I take it, either a Tariff Reformer or a Free Trader. If he is a Free Trader, he must admit that a war indemnity being used as capital, the free import of all commodities must redound to general economic advantage, and that Mr. Angell, in his haste to demonstrate that a war indemnity cannot be used to economic advantage because, if it is exchanged abroad, the articles imported will compete with native industries, has rushed into a position where no Free Trader can follow him. If, on the other hand, Mr. Wright is a Tariff Reformer, he must admit that discrimination between competitive and non-competitive trade by means of tariffs is feasible. Either way he has got to admit that a war indemnity can be utilised to economic advantage—i.e., that modern nations can gain economically by successful war. And this, of course, effectually knocks Norman Angell's thesis on the head.

Yours faithfully,

"A RIFLEMAN."

THE DRINK BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea, S.W.

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent upon this subject deserves the greatest attention. The subject of intemperance involves the welfare of the community. Experience of the medical schools has taught me to face the evil of inebriety from a practical point of view: so, too, has a connection in former days with a large London brewery in a business light—I would therefore ask space for these few lines.

It does not require the foreknowledge of a medical man to lament the condition of the inebriate, but that knowledge intensifies the fearful realities of the victim. The reflection that the delicate organism of the human frame—the marvel of the anatomist—should be run to ruin through the poisonous draughts of cocktails and other “appetisers”, not an infrequent habit of those who should glory in golden youth, and the degrading adulterations of juniper, commonly known as gin among the lower classes, can only produce various stages of insanity and delirium tremens, with its fearful consequences.

The brewery to which I have referred employed two collectors, whose duty would be to collect the monthly payments from the tenants of the various public-houses. The money thus paid over to the cashier was never less than £400 per diem, but this sum was frequently exceeded on certain rounds. In the immediate neighbourhood of the “Seven Dials” the payment might amount to £1,000 for the month. The collectors would call upon the publicans once a month, and their various visits averaged ten calls per day. Loans, in order to assist in the purchase of houses, varied from £500,000 to £800,000. The ostensible head of the firm enjoyed an income of £40,000 per annum, while a late Member of the House of Lords had received £20,000 a year ever since he left Eton, and the actual manager considered himself indifferently treated at a salary of £12,000 a year, although his duties, owing to purchases in large quantities, did not occupy more than two or four hours about three days in the week. Such were the palmy days of some private firms, now mostly conducted as private companies.

The moneys daily collected were at a minimum in the more private districts, and at a maximum amongst the poorest and degraded slums of our population.

It is not my intention to impute wrong intentions towards the proprietors, for, as one-half the world does not know how the other half lives, and as brown stout or porter never appeared at the dinner tables of Grosvenor Square or Park Lane, it would be invidious to cast reflections. Besides, it may fairly be said, with Professor Johnstone, that unadulterated malt liquor may be held as a wholesome beverage. The fault lies rather in the ownership of that curse known as a “gin palace”. The glaring lights, the half-open doors—in short, all the allurements which the vice of intemperance can suggest—are in full public swing. At the same time, the licensed victualler has a character to maintain, and he may go to what length he likes as long as he does not lose his licence. It would be too fearful to consider for one moment the downward course of the many thousands of human beings exposed to this terrible temptation, who, if once caught in the vortex, seldom or never recover themselves.

The chief point is to find a remedy. An effort is now being made to wipe out the “gin palace”. Let us hope that its days are numbered. The committee who are endeavouring to revolutionise the present pernicious system deserve every encouragement. The vice of deep drinking is hardly known in modern society; and a good example may be found at Christ Church, Oxford, where the “buttery” accounts have of late fallen off some 30 per cent. This latter statement is certainly encouraging.

The letter of your correspondent, however, suggests the difficulty of treatment as regards dipsomania. May I be permitted to quote, with all the seriousness which the subject requires, the following lines from Ovid:

“Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levârit,
Vina fugit: gaudetque meris abstemius undis”;

or, as rendered by Dryden:

“Clitorian streams the love of wine expel,
Such is the virtue of th’ abstemious well”.

Let us note that the poet speaks of this remedy as a well-known fact of those times, and let us remember also that Ovid and Virgil were both well primed in the natural sciences as known in their day. The question naturally arises: Has this statement ever been put to the proof in modern times? Has it ever occurred to some leaders in the medical profession or in the cause of temperance to analyse the properties of this fountain? Surely there are some advocates of the great temperance cause who would pay the necessary expenses for this short expedition. To find a remedy for the inebriate would bring more than its own reward, and it would bring untold blessings upon future generations. The curative properties were so far-famed that the Temple of Artemis Hemeraria (or “The Soother”) was founded in consequence of the healing waters of the immediate vicinity. The latter name was probably bestowed in consequence of the good effects derived in cases of madness, of which intemperance is certainly a type.

The ancient city of Cleitor, which was destroyed in the social wars, was situate in the Morœa, in the upper valley of the Aroanian Mountains, on the site of the modern “Sudhená”, in the north-eastern corner of Mount Khelmos, on the road from Tripolitza to Kalávryta, in the Morœa.

The point for consideration is whether in the analysis may be found one of those hidden secrets of nature, so long neglected, but ever ready to restore fallen humanity to the more ennobled ideal of manhood. We need not refer to the well-known properties of many waters, which most probably would have been long since lost sight of and forgotten had it not been for the confirmation of modern science.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

OSBORNE ALDIS, M.A., F.R.G.S.

A DIARY OF NATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 April 1914.

SIR,—What has happened to the oaks this spring? On 15 April there were two oak trees in Kew Gardens already bursting into leaf, and on 18 April several of the trees in Richmond Park were actually covered with leaves. They were more forward than the elms and the beeches. The elms themselves were wonderful early in March. In Worcestershire—a great elm county—the bloom made the trees look rose-coloured in some lights.

I heard the willow-wren first on 8 April on Wimbledon Common. On 12 April redstarts and swallows and a wry-neck were in Richmond Park. I heard a blackcap in Kew Gardens on 15 April, and on the 18th there were whitethroats (common but not lesser) and house-martins on Wimbledon Common, and I heard that day in Richmond Park my first cuckoo and my first whinchat. The pair of swallows which I saw in Richmond Park on 12 April have already begun to build in a fowl-house at one of the lodge gates, where a nest has been made for years. On 19 April I heard the wood-wren for the first time near Lyndhurst.

Yours faithfully,

R.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brighton, 20 April 1914.

SIR,—The time appears to have arrived for the wild flowers of the country to be protected by legislation as the only remedy, and I would therefore suggest that no roots should be allowed to be taken away or taken up except by permission of the local authority in certain districts.

“... Many a flower is born to blush unseen”, except by the thoughtless tourist, tripper, and others now too numerous to mention; and the mechanical horse-and-vehicle are fast destroying the romance of what was once “Merry England”, and even the Alpine slopes are not safe.

A very early “Secretary at War” wrote these fine lines on the rose:

"Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn:
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born;
Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
B. R. THORNTON.

THE VILLAGE TONGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 April 1914.

SIR,—I have long been casually studying old English words as they still occur in the dialects of our villagers. Can any of your readers tell me in what parts of England the word "hassock" for small bush still occurs? Also where Anglo-Saxon "thik" or "thikky" is still used for "this" and whether "mouldiwarps" and "want" (for mole) have died out? As a child I used to hear the second of these myself, and I fancy it still obtains in parts of Wiltshire.

The word "mortal" ("mortal sick", "mortal afraid", etc.) is, I suppose, in fairly general use in the remoter parts of England to-day?

Any characteristic and peculiar forms would be welcome

Yours faithfully,
A WORD STUDENT.

THE TYRANNY OF SPEED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 January 1914.

SIR,—Two years ago you extended to me the courtesy of your columns to state, in a letter headed "The Tyranny of Noise", the effect which the present state of our streets in London and the great change in our social habits had upon me then—an Englishman, who had just retired from serving his country for the last quarter of a century in distant colonies, and who desired to take his otium cum dignitate in the great metropolis amidst, as he fondly hoped, his old surroundings, and I there pointed out that the result of it all would be to cause me to change my purpose and drive me to endeavour to seek my rest in some old-world corner of England where I had hoped that such things as I had been alluding to had not yet penetrated. Well, I found that old-world corner, but, alas! I found, too, that such things *had* been there before me, and eighteen months' trial of them has sent me back again.

I found that country life as it once existed was no more. The motor fiend and its varied offspring had killed it. I found that one had to be as careful in taking a walk on country roads as in the crowded streets of London; whilst the awful dust, largely due to the speed at which these vehicles are driven, the ruin of many formerly sweet little residences and gardens by the roadside, yields an added terror to what one meets with in paved cities.

The stock reply which motorists make to this is that you should keep your roads in better condition. So, in the endeavour to do this, many parts of the King's highway now have the appearance of a metalled railroad, but not half so safe! And see how the rates are rising by leaps and bounds, whilst it is averred the Government does not return, as grants in aid to the local authorities, even what is paid by local motorists in registration fees! If true, a more unholy profit I never heard of! The evil is likely to become worse, as speed is allowed to become higher, and the new cheap foreign motor-cars flood the English market.

The people of London are long-suffering enough in all conscience, notwithstanding the terrible and increasing tribute they pay to the mighty Juggernaut that drives heavily through their midst. Country folk are even more slow to move. But the worm will turn sometimes, and not many months ago we saw the villagers of Dunton Green, in Kent, break out into angry remonstrances at the reckless and dangerous way in which the interests and welfare of its inhabitants were disregarded. Meanwhile sullen and bitter feelings are increasing in many other districts, and one feels

that if only country villagers had half the pluck of town suffragettes, with their more or less imaginary grievances, there would soon be a tale to tell of angry reprisals. Unfortunately the "road-hog" still runs his evil course, whether as motor-carman or motor-cyclist, and sets at defiance any edicts that may be issued by the mighty garage in Pall Mall—as great a disfigurement to clubland as Queen Anne Mansions are to flatland.

In the old days when one saw a carriage and pair approaching one felt that its occupants were ladies and gentlemen; now, if it be a motor-car, I am afraid the presumption is the other way. People who in former days could not—or did not—drive even in a single horse carriage now flash by in a motor-car, and often indulge in that excruciating agony to gentle ears—a syren or electric hooter. Two years ago I called attention to this diabolical form of denoting the approach of a motor vehicle, and now I can only wonder that such hideously vulgar and offensive sounds can be allowed in any civilised country. It does not require the evidence of a motorist like Lord Montagu of Beaulieu to tell us this. This is what he is reported to have said when he gave evidence at the recent Commission held to inquire into the dangers of the London street traffic, "I deprecate entirely the use of sirens, which make a very offensive sound". But with the *nouveaux riches* too often, I am afraid, vulgarity and offensiveness go hand in hand. The simple country life as it used to be lived is no longer possible. No wonder that now, more than ever, we feel that great attraction which draws one to a big centre, an attraction felt so strongly even by a real country-lover like the late Richard Jefferies, when he lived on the confines of London. For this, no doubt, modern life (have we not heard of it even in Canada?) and modern legislation (have we not seen it in England?) are largely responsible. The advantages and amenities of country life are fast disappearing. In the old days the country gentry had some little return for the money they spent and the interest they took in the districts in which they lived—some compensation, it may be, for the poor remuneration which investment in land brought them—in the respect and regard which was accorded them. But now the general levelling character of School Board education has knocked that respect and regard out of the heads of most of the present generation of country folk. In these days the exhortation in the catechism to "order oneself lowly and reverently to all one's betters" will fall on deaf ears—even if it falls at all!

In the old days the squire and the parson were gentlemen. Nowadays the influence—and often the place—of the former is usurped by "week-enders", who purchase, or lease, some small place or house and motor down to it whenever they feel inclined, and who complain if the village church bells rouse them from their slumbers.

Look at recent appointments to the various country benches! They are too often nothing but political rewards for party services rendered. Under these circumstances can there be any honour conferred by such appointments? And yet the cry is raised, "Back to the land"! It is too late, there will soon be no land to go back to! Agriculture run on Fabian and Socialistic lines will not keep the labourer—nor the landlord either—on the land. Every day the papers tell us of property sales, large and small alike. Our great landlords are already showing the way. Where is it all to end? Wise and poor men like myself will take the earliest favourable opportunity (I have done so) to dispose of what they have left in the country lest worse may befall them; and, if London crowds them out by its growing extravagance and insensate love of reckless amusement, must even go abroad in search of that rest and peace which they can no longer find in their own land.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
AN EX-COLONIAL OFFICER.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR.

"The Principles of War." Vol. I. By Major-General E. A. Altham. With an Introduction by General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

(REVIEWED BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. G. KNOX.)

THE author of this singularly interesting and instructive volume has indeed made good use of the opportunity afforded to him in his career, while enjoying a prolonged service with the "Brain of the Army" at headquarters, to transmit to his comrades the results of deep research and the teaching of military history. It is, as the writer of the introduction to the book has happily termed it, "a classic work worthy of a place with Henderson's 'Science of War', and the literary style of the book is such that it is a pleasure to read it". In the total absence of word-painting there is a lesson in every page, and both to old war dogs and students who aspire to military fame the book may be commended.

As a text-book, however, which, rightly interpreted, is a manual of instruction, we must view the arrangement of the volume from the light of the student's eye. He will search first in the table of contents for an enumeration of the principles upon which war is waged. The volume positively bristles with these principles, but the student will find that he has to probe the work to find them for himself in a manner that presents an unusual task. The title of the volume might better be "The Field Service Regulations Explained and Illustrated by Examples from War". In fact, the author himself justifies this criticism in his preface and in the opening sentence of Chapter V. The student, in reading the work, is thus left to himself to disentangle the principles which govern strategy as well as tactics. War which is the instrument of Policy depends for success upon two main factors. The terms Strategy and Tactics are the military terms (common to land, sea, and air warfare) which in simple language denote respectively the movements of opposing forces before and after contact, and the student of war will find his task simplified when he has grasped the principles upon which a war, once proposed, is conceived, before proceeding to the study of the manner of its execution. We must never forget the penalties we ourselves paid for our ignorance of the first principles of strategy in our latest effort at war. It is for the above reason that we suggest that the author would have been better advised if he had opened his work with that excellent Chapter XV., which deals with strategy—the more so, as the map accompanying this chapter, if carefully studied, enables the reader to carry a mental picture of the same theatre of war upon which the author bases such a multitude of lessons. To an Island Power this study of Chapter XV., with its combined naval and military strategical picture, is a master lesson.

Both layman and professional student will do well to take to heart the principles upon which the foundations for success in war are laid as enumerated in the opening chapter of this volume. Author and writer of the Introduction are on solid ground when they draw attention to the words, "That preparation for war is a national duty the neglect of which involves humiliation and disaster". Let us rub this in further and tell our nation that for sustained effort in war we have at present no organisation. The goal of success is a matter for the "soul of the people". The author rightly draws upon the most recent campaigns from which to present his lessons and thereby lift us from the burden of stereotyped forms based upon antiquated battle experience.

The second chapter takes us into the organisation of a field army, and pictures the gain to mobility, both strategic and tactical, which the march of science and mechanics suggests. The next war may discover a genius who, having given his mind to the study of the opportunities thus offered by science, will teach us how to apply these new adjuncts to the advantage of him-

self and the discomfiture of his opponents. "Where there is the creation of new ideas there is genius found", said Mde. de Rémusat, and military history abounds with bright stars who shine among minor constellations purely from the exercise of brain power working at war problems during a period of peace. The chapters which deal with the characteristics of the fighting troops are a splendid study, replete with examples. In the author's treatment of cavalry and other mounted troops he can look further back in history for examples to sustain his contentions. No cavalry surpassed in activity and success the masses led by Attila, nor must we overlook the creator of mounted infantry, the genius Belisarius. "The man is everything", says the great master of war; and especially so is this the case with cavalry. It is your fine decisive spirit that makes for a leader in cavalry—a spirit with the watchword "opportunity" ever dominating his mind: a *rara avis* who will know when to dash in where angels fear to tread, a leader who will know when to violate the principles of war and create his own "art of war". And here we come into dispute with the author in p. 74 in his lines praising the strategical activity of the horsemen of the Crown Prince in 1870. Was not McMahon's beaten army lost sight of for eleven days after Worth, and did not the line of his retreat become known to the great general staff through the newspapers of Paris and London? Again we must protest against the author's persistence throughout the work in effacing the memory of the splendid example of German subordinate initiative, at Vionville on the 16th August 1870, by calling the battle Mars-la-Tour. We are taken in this chapter over the old ground of *arme blanche* v. rifle and the adieu of cavalry in the field. Let us grind in this principle. Modern war requires a cavalry that can shoot—and lots of it.

In the chapters that deal with artillery we have rubbed into us the imperative need of constant, continuous and unceasing co-operation in the fire fight of gun and rifle and the difficulties that the modern battlefield present to the gunner in fulfilling this all-important task. The author shows a possibility in the few words dealing with the incident of Long's guns in the battle of Colenso. Long did what every artillery commander should strive to do once he has grasped the intention of his superior commander and that commander knows his own mind—namely, to get his guns into a position where they can fulfil if possible all the requirements of the fire fight of a battle without further shifting; for it is the power of manœuvre in battle that will be denied to artillery in the future. Long's fire-tactical instinct was ahead of his day, to judge by the subsequent employment of guns in the war of 1904-5. Our guns at Colenso were lost by a violation of one of the principles of war, which is that there must be absolute communion of interest and comradeship between all commanders of units committed to a fire fight. Does the world know that Buller never spoke to Long even although they journeyed overseas to war in the same ship? The artillery preparations of old, when required, are best left in the hands of long range and heavy weapons, for the gun positions that have been occupied for a fire fight are better left undisclosed until required to deal with a surprising effort, continuous in application and smashing in execution.

The principles of war, as far as tactics are concerned, march in step with the march of science. Even strategy itself is quickened up in its path by applied science, but tactics must shift with shifting weapons. How prophetic was the master of war in his maxim "that every ten years would demand a change of tactics"! It is now ten years since the latest and soundest lessons of war were written in blood. Aircraft, mechanical transport, wireless, increased velocity of gun and rifle, and other novelties offered by science to the military leader must demand the study of system in application to tactics, only to be evolved by peace training of a high order. War knocks the conceit out of most novelties, but to ensure timely co-operation of arms in the field we have introduced an alternative upon which to rely by the introduction of signal companies left in

the able hands of our fourth arm, the Royal Engineers. The author pays a just tribute to this branch of arms in its work in our late war, especially in connection with its railway and bridging work. It must not be overlooked, however, that the work was facilitated by being carried out on Government railways under splendid control. One chief, Sir D. Hunter, of the Natal Government Railway, so far anticipated destructive work upon his charge as to have duplicate bridging in preparation.

The supreme interest in this volume is aroused in the chapters dealing with infantry. "The soul of the attack", as someone has aptly named this arm, has three chapters devoted to its study. Flat trajectories, smokeless powder, and khaki have altered many conceptions of tactical movements that once led to success in battle. The volume of fire that is required at one moment to be delivered and at the next moment to be nursed is a matter for the highest form of organisation and discipline if absolute control is to be assured. In the four-company system we have adopted—whose greatest triumph is that it is a foundation upon which to breed leaders—we must not forget that the germinating process must begin at the bottom of the ladder. When our infantry have discarded the worst rifle in Europe and are armed with the best, the leaders will learn that they will require still more organisation to ensure fire control. The deafening noise of the new high velocity weapon will demand a sub-organisation for absolute efficient control, more especially as fixed battle sights will provoke the men to an undue expenditure of ammunition, the replacement of which in the fire fight is the problem for the future.

The author in a happy phrase, "like a well-trained pack of hounds", describes what is wanted from infantry in a picture drawn from the war of 1870. The study of a battle can only be perfected by actual tread of the ground on or near the day of its anniversary. The appalling loss of the Guards' Corps at St. Privat, alluded to more than once by the author, was due quite as much to ricochet fire as to direct hits, for the glacia over which they were set their task was literally paved with stones. It is here that our Staff College students lose much of the value of the study of battle-fields. They visit them at a season when the whole features are dissimilar to those on the day of contest.

The author is on sound ground when he preaches the doctrine laid down in *Infantry Training 1911*, Sec. 125 (2), which asserts that a rapid advance under fire means fewer casualties. This is but a repetition of the great Frederick's maxim, "The livelier the attack the less the loss".

Space forbids more than a passing allusion to night operations. With a long-service army, a splendidly trained marching infantry, and the opportunity of being called upon to train in an enclosed country, the British Army should be able to become past masters in the art of night movements. It is, however, grossly hampered by the absence of an efficient Billeting Act.

We would, however, remind the student that in the note of success which dominates the illustration of the principles of war as set forth by the author in the march of the Japanese Army in the campaign in Manchuria of 1904-5 the element of rehearsal ten years previously tells much in their favour. If there is one factor that upsets the calculations of a War Staff in a premeditated campaign it is the novelty of terrain in the field of operations that is presented to the combatant.

In closing this excellent volume I can only express one wish, and that is that we may hope for another from the same able pen; for, as the author himself tells us in his preface, only a comparatively small proportion of the principles have been discussed and presented for the consideration of a student of war.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR.

"The Life of Matthew Prior." By Francis Bickley. Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.

IF we premise that there is something rather chilling in this "Life", it must not be thought that the manner of its execution is thereby condemned. There is some old doggerel about a man jumping into a well in search of truth and finding what he sought to be, "as it often is, very cold and unpleasant". Abstract truth is matter both for quest and reverence, but the truth about individual character is frequently depressing. At such truth, however, the biographer must unquestionably aim, and we may not blame him if what he presents to us prove "cold" and, possibly, "unpleasant". The utmost we can permit our unregenerate selves is to wish that he was not quite so detached, that he had just a dash of the "lues Boswelliana", that he would betray the merest spice of partisanship. Here is poor Matt Prior put under the microscope as disinterestedly as the minutest insect. *Si vis me flere*—If you wish me to like your hero, Mr. Biographer, you must like him yourself. "But I neither said I wished you to like him, nor did I call him hero."

Let us concede, with Mr. Bickley in his preface, that Prior is not at first sight a promising subject for a full-length biography. He is not in the first flight of poetry, diplomacy, or statesmanship. He lived with the great, as did his master Horace, but he was not great himself. As a public servant he had ability and application, but not brilliance. As a poet he was prolific and industrious, but rarely inspired. He played his part upon a crowded and important stage, but it was a part eclipsed by those of William and of Marlborough, of St. John and of Swift. When we see "Richard II." acted, we want the character of Norfolk adequately rendered; but our true concern is with the King and Hereford.

Still, granted the lower level, Prior makes some interesting appearances. He is able to give us a glimpse of his former Sovereign at St. Cloud. "King James looks mighty old and worn", he writes, "and stoops in his shoulders; the Queen looks ill and melancholy; their equipage is mighty ragged, and their horses are all as lean as Sancho's". We see him in audience with Louis XIV., when the Peace of Utrecht was in contemplation, expressing himself with perfect and colourless propriety and in excellent French. Fragments also are forthcoming, gleanings from the unpublished Prior papers at Longleat, of his more familiar conversation with that monarch. "The Duc d'Aumont", runs the manuscript, "told Louis XIV. that in England they blooded the theatre too much, and that he had seen the heads brought in in 'Titus Andronicus'." "Is this accusation true, M. Prior", the King asked. "We did it upon an extraordinary occasion", comes the answer, "to divert the Duc d'Aumont, because he did not understand the beauty of the words." Once on Louis asking him point-blank how he liked the Dauphin, Prior said it made him melancholy every time he saw him. "Why so?" "Sir, reflecting that the Queen of England has not just such another." Of the French King himself Prior writes to Albemarle that he has good health for a man of sixty years and more vanity than a girl of sixteen. Being shown at Marly a series of paintings of Louis's sieges and conquests, among them one of the capture of Mons, he asked if they had not the other part to that picture. "Which?" said they. "That", answered Prior, "in which King William re-took that place in 1695".

Such experiences and such rejoinders are plentiful enough in the memoirs of the period; but what of the personality behind them? We shall look in vain for that elevation of mind and manliness of spirit which sustained Dryden in misfortune. Instead, we are confronted with a littleness that cannot rise above self. Prior is perpetually asking for a new post before the tenancy of his present one is expired, and soliciting favours on his own behalf which most men would have

shrunk from soliciting on behalf of others. This egoism was the essential defect in a nature which on the surface was obliging and even sympathetic, a defect which has exposed him to the charges of time-serving and insincerity. To Jersey alone of those who were in a position to advance him does he seem to have been consistently attached. The tone in which he writes to him contrasts vividly, as Mr. Bickley remarks, "with the smooth and clever adulation of which Prior was an habitual spendthrift". The truth is that Prior squandered his leisure, his money, and his affections on one unworthy object after another. He had no anchor, and he drifted. Without doubt he was good company; he had been used to the clash of wits from the days when he kept accounts for his uncle, the vintner at the Rheinisch tavern in Channel Row, where Dorset found him reading Horace; and he might plead with Falstaff in defence of his life-long irregularities that "company, villainous company, had been the spoil of him". Spoiled, at any rate, as a man he was, to those who look at life from anything but a purely hedonistic standpoint; spoiled also as a poet, for there is wit and glitter in his verses, but a want of depth and heart.

Let us conclude on a less ungracious note. Sharing the downfall of his party, Prior spent much of his later time in the family of the second Earl of Oxford, with whose little daughter he formed a friendship that raised him to a higher level. To this child, his "noble, lovely, little Peggy", there are repeated and affectionate references in his letters. We may think of her prattling beside him in his walks at Wimpole, even as the little son of an Earl of Dorset, "a child in coats", used to insist on keeping Thomas Fuller company. We may be certain that neither poet nor divine were loth.

Here, then, we leave Mr. Bickley's full-length portrait. If readers will supplement his industry and erudition with the sagacity of Dr. Johnson, who was (when he chose) a supreme biographer, they will have a very serviceable notion of the career and personality of Matthew Prior.

"THE SWEET SERENITY OF BOOKS."

"Some Oxford Libraries." By Strickland Gibson. Humphrey Milford: At the Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

THERE are some who—like the present reviewer—recalling Oxford days, recall days largely wasted. There is no getting away from it, too often:

"All within was noise
Of songs and clapping hands and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor".

And yet there are some who—like the present reviewer—can at least recall a certain sprinkling of days or hours that were spent to good purpose in several of the libraries that Mr. Gibson gossips of in this informal, this friendly little book packed with matter. "The sweet serenity of books", says some author whose name has slipped us at the moment. But, alas, that there should be so much to do with books that is not serene at all! So much to do with the writing, the reading, the handling, the financing of them. There is so much that is anxious, that at times is utterly disheartening. So much which sours the temper, which spoils the health, which even leads from the garret—or what answers to the garret—to the madhouse or to the pauper's grave, that the saying may often seem a sort of ghastly mockery. The pity of it is, moreover, that the least measure of serenity sometimes attaches to the very books that most were worth the making—the books that count, or one day will count, in literature or in scholarship. The thing is so notorious, is so commonly admitted by almost everyone with honest knowledge of the world of print, that the happy optimism of a man like Lord Morley is strange and even amazing—for when he speaks of

authors in these days he speaks of them and their business as though they were almost abundantly happy and prosperous!

But perhaps the author of the saying was thinking not of an author's life, rather of such a library as Mr. Gibson writes about; and certainly "the sweet serenity of books" does fit in the most lovely way these very quiet, very beautiful College and University libraries. Oxford's libraries are steeped, not less than Oxford's towers, in the sentiment of Matthew Arnold. They, too, do whisper the lost enchantments of the Middle Ages. One can scarcely return in thought to Oxford days without entering the door of the Bodleian once more and seeing the vanished form of Bodley's Librarian one knew so well—by sight; perched close by the precious little case where one was wont to pore over the curious, priceless Shelley relics—over, above all, the little volume of Sophocles which, the tradition goes, Shelley was reading even when the storm came and the boat went down. There is hardly, indeed, a picture in all the impossible world of one's childhood that has remained much more distinct and alluring to call up and muse on than that Oxford one of the library and the librarian. The word "atmosphere" may have been done to death for picturesque writing purposes; yet how necessary it is if we wish to describe a spot like Duke Humphrey's library! That place has atmosphere, the atmosphere of books, beyond all question. In some degree the thing applies to all quiet libraries, provided they are stocked with old books—for without age there can be no atmosphere about a collection of books. Certain places termed libraries are no libraries at all: they are impudent shams, their shelves stocked with modern novels, with drawing-room biographies and histories. One would as soon they were stocked with Bradshaws. As there are biblia and abiblia, so of a surety are there libraries and non-libraries. Do not drapers and druggists come out in the "Library" line at times to-day? Away with them—they have no more right to the high name than the music-hall rhymester has a right to rank with Milton.

As the Bodleian and—less often—the Radcliffe and the rather too legal library of All Souls drew one at times in rather thoughtless, very crowded undergraduate days to the sweet serenity of books, they may tend to draw one more and more—in thought and desire at least—as time slips on. Books in a place like the Bodleian, or like the libraries of Merton or Corpus which Mr. Gibson describes with such free feeling, can indeed, in Cowley's words, "steal us from ourselves away". They can steal us away from the gnawing cares of life, from the detestable mean little fears of "the things that will never be", the things which Walton's excellent milkmaid was so free of ere she reached years of discretion. A man might do worse than take a holiday of a week in every year in a real library. Might not the book cure, rightly understood and carried out, save many a man from the necessity of a rest cure? Only let him not read too hard: rather he has to get down, handle, and dip into this volume and that. A library is not altogether a place in which to read-it, to read-it-now. A library is a place somewhat to muse in.

D.

THE MAN WHO DID.

"The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists." By Robert Tressall. Grant Richards. 6s.

[Published this week.]

MR. ROBERT TRESSALL has done what Mr. Patrick MacGill in "Children of the Dead End" just failed to do. He has given us a plain, unvarnished picture of the real labourer. His book is not the work of imagination. It is the actual record of hard experience. Mr. Tressall, we are told, was a builder's labourer who lived the life he so vividly describes. He was out of work, starved, found work again, joined in the joys and sorrows of his fellows,

made time during some five years to write this book—and died. Well here it is, a record for all to read, not very edifying perhaps in parts, but beyond doubt instructive. It is the working man to the life with his actual idiom reproduced—with all its sanguinary phrases. Mr. Robert Tressall does not think much of his fellow-workmen. Taking them all round, they are a poor lot, who are content to muddle along somehow. They cannot be bothered to really inquire into things. They just accept their lot with a sort of hopeless fatalism. They resent being made to think. Modern education has done little for them except in rare instances. The author is not blind to their virtues, to the heights of self-sacrifice they can reach, their kindness to those poorer than themselves, their unflinching cheerfulness and readiness to live in the moment. But apart from these virtues the picture he gives of the working man is anything but flattering. It is the kind of picture which if painted by anyone but a working man would arouse the most bitter cries of hostility and accusations of class prejudice. Mr. Tressall reserves his utmost enmity for what he calls the “ragged-trousered philanthropists”. They are the real enemy, the men “who not only quietly submitted like so many cattle to their miserable slavery for the benefit of others, but defended it, and opposed and ridiculed any suggestion of reform”. They are the real oppressors—“the men who spoke of themselves as ‘the likes of us’, who, having lived in poverty and degradation all their lives, considered that what had been good enough for them was good enough for the children they had been the means of bringing into existence”.

His book is really a clarion call to working men to arouse themselves from their lethargy, take stock of their position, think, act. No doubt that is all to the good, and if Mr. Tressall had been content to leave it at that we should not quarrel with him. But he sees fit to promulgate vehemently a very crude system of Socialism. His is the point of view of the Hyde Park mob orator or of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Limehouse—“Down with the Dooks”. His book is full of wrong-headed ideas and notions, unbalanced statements about landlordism and property and money, and is likely to do a great deal of harm if placed in the hands of uneducated or half-educated people. He has not a good word to say for the ruling classes, and even those of his own class who have achieved positions of power and responsibility he depicts with a pen dipped in vitriol. Well, we must allow for bitterness in a man who has lived the life he writes about, but it would have been well if in this matter Mr. Tressall had been able to preserve some sense of proportion. Yet with all its faults and crudities the book deserves a patient reading. It is fearless and as a record of experience it is true.

“THE GREAT PROCONSUL.”

“The Wellesley Papers.” By the Editor of “The Windham Papers.” 2 Vols. Jenkins. 32s.

NO one could obtain a fair idea of the greatness of Wellesley from this book, as it omits all detailed consideration of those periods when his true work was accomplished. He was one of the greatest of Indian Governors, but the chapters devoted to India are filled almost entirely with letters written to him from England, with a few letters from Wellesley himself, of domestic interest, but of no historical importance. The reason, of course, is that this collection is supplementary to the memoirs published by Pearce and Torrens and to the despatches issued under Wellesley's own superintendence. None the less it is unfortunate that the book gives an impression of a man with a perpetual grievance, and those who know nothing of Wellesley outside these papers will think of him as the discontented autocrat, the querulous and unsatisfied proconsul, and will form only a distorted notion of the great ruler who finally crushed French rivalry in India and enormously extended the prestige and dominion of the Empire. An exception must be

made, however, of the remarkable memorandum which Wellesley drew up himself in 1840, setting forth his claims to recognition. Probably no man ever desired a dukedom so ardently as he did, and no man ever argued his own cause with so much eloquence and in so minute a detail. Again and again he reminds one of Cicero, but with the distinction that in the region of imperial government his achievements were consummate. Wellesley's contemporaries were doubtless as bored by India as Cicero's were bored by the inevitable Catiline, but history must do justice to the man who added a quarter of a million square miles of territory and thirty-five million subjects to the British Crown.

Wellesley is interesting as an unusually brilliant example of the old school of education, and as an extraordinary contrast to his younger brother, the Duke. The “tuppenny damn” attitude of mind which believes in action and as little speech as possible, the ruling conviction that the King's government must somehow be carried on, those characteristics of Wellington which all Englishmen love as the perfect expression of their idealised common sense, were alien from the qualities of Wellesley, who was a man of elaborate punctilio, revelling in the precise definition of his own views, unyielding and exacting in the etiquette of negotiation and the hierarchy of affairs. Obviously high place and scope for action were as much the breath of life to him as they were things of indifference, in civil matters, to the Duke. Yet Wellesley is one of the indubitable successes of a classical education. He went out to India a young man of very scanty practical experience and training, and he at once took up the work of government coolly and naturally, conceiving and carrying out treaties and conquests, “thinking Imperially”, reforming finance, planning colleges, and infusing into the servants of a company the spirit of a great civil service. All these things he did without the aid of the huge machine which awaits the Viceroy of to-day. Moreover, in most of the political questions which arose during his life Wellesley's opinions were those which the verdict of history has confirmed. In the struggle with Napoleon he saw more clearly than most of his contemporaries the vital importance of pressing on the Peninsular War and the value of Egypt; he was with Pitt in desiring Catholic emancipation when the Union was passed, and with Grey in supporting Reform. Pitt was the greatest influence on his mind, and the noblest piece of writing in these volumes is Wellesley's tribute to his memory, a tribute worthy to be placed side by side with that passage in Stanhope on the sorrow of Pitt's friends at his death which was quoted with so much effect by Sir William Harcourt when Mr. Gladstone died.

There is much to be learned about Ireland in these volumes. A letter from Wellesley Pole gives one of the best accounts of the Irish rebellion in 1798; it tells the truth both against the rebels and against the peculiar horrors of the suppression. There is an error either in the text or the note in vol. i., p. 76. The Frenchman Humbert could not have been in command of the “cursed Germans who killed several women”; these were the Hessians taken into pay by the British Government, and Humbert's Frenchmen on the side of the rebels were distinguished by their humanity. Wellesley Pole at first approved the moderation of Cornwallis towards the Irish “patriots”, but afterwards changed his view. “At length Lord Cornwallis has seen the situation to which his lenity has reduced the country, and an act is now passing which grants him as much power as ever Nero possessed.” It was urged as an argument against the Union that a Parliament at Westminster would never pass an act giving such powers, “whereas the Parliament of Dublin, being actually on the spot, with the pikes at their throats, are nearly unanimous on the measure, as the only hope of saving themselves from instant destruction”. Pitt's proposal of the Union aroused very little enthusiasm either in England or Ireland; he and Castlereagh in England and Clare in Ireland at first seem to have been the only thoroughgoing believers in

it, and even Auckland wrote in 1799 that it was a measure replete with difficulties and likely to be strongly resisted in this country, even if it should be practicable in Ireland. Yet within a very short time Pitt's policy in carrying the Act was accepted as the one solution, and if it could only have been accompanied as he intended by Catholic emancipation it seems reasonably certain that it would have won the Irish people. On that, however, he was beaten by the stubborn will of George III., and "genius yielded to madness".

The best letters in the volumes are those of Brougham, which exhibit that masterful and superbly self-confident personage as a much more modern politician than his contemporaries. We see him in Scotland holding a triumphal progress of the democratic type and "preaching the word", founding a philosophic institution to educate the people and counteract the monopoly of the Press, and lecturing the King on the danger of dismissing his Whig Government. "I wrote to His Majesty a letter", he says to Wellesley. "The thing is strong, for it tells His Majesty: You choose to ruin the country. I wash my hands of your proceeding, and hold you answerable for the consequences." When we turn to the text of this tremendous document, we find that Brougham does not thunder very loudly. He refers to his own decided opinion on the inevitable consequences of the King's action, and adds: "Lord Melbourne has sufficiently explained the grounds of that opinion to relieve me from being in any way answerable for whatever may be the result. No one can more earnestly pray that it may be such as will contribute to the good of the State". Brougham offering his humble supplications for the success of a Tory Government is a vision of delight. On another occasion the retired Lord Chancellor jokes elaborately on the liberties of Paris. "Peel would gravely and consequentially put it down as a discovery that liberty is good and licentiousness is wrong. Were I at Paris I should crave a short exception." Brougham greatly delighted Wellesley by praising his Indian administration in the "Edinburgh Review". He remained on friendly and intimate terms with Wellesley longer than did anyone except perhaps Canning. There are many letters from the latter, but for the most part they show the brilliant pupil of Pitt in the midst of tortuous negotiations about office, and in such matters Canning was never at his best. The end of his life was really a tragic episode—the Premiership gained after years of struggle at the cost of a serious breach in the Tory party, and held only from April to August under the burden of ill-health and the increasing animosity of his former colleagues. The correspondence between Wellington and Canning is melancholy reading, but adds much confirmatory detail to the accepted historical view of the quarrel. "The Protestant part of the Government", wrote Canning, "did me the honour to think that they could not make an administration without me, but wished to have me as cheap as possible, to task me to the utmost for their support in the House of Commons and in the Foreign Office, but to place over me a Protestant master,

'To make the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream bowl duly set',

but to repress all higher aspirations as strictly as if I were of another species than their Lordships". Canning's famous contest and duel with Castlereagh in 1809 are the topic of some very interesting letters, and the attempt made by Sydenham to poison the mind of Wellesley against Canning is an excellent example of the kind of work in which the Tadpoles and Tapers of politics delight.

The Papers have been admirably printed and illustrated, they offer much interesting reading, and are valuable for the history of England in the first part of the nineteenth century.

THE IRONSIDES OF TO-DAY.

"The Ulster Scot." By James B. Woodburn. Allenson. 5s. net.

[Published this week.]

CERTAINLY this book is timely. Many Englishmen know little more of Ulster than that it is passionately loyal to the union with England. But this, now, is not quite enough. One needs to know what manner of people this is, what leaders they have produced, and why they are what they are—a plantation three hundred years old which is now developing by stress of circumstances and persecution into a small nation.

Ulster has known persecution before, and survived it. But as one looks at the record of this people, whether in Ulster or in those countries to which Ulstermen have emigrated, one is tempted to marvel at the present discipline of the Covenanting Army, for in the past they have produced leaders rather than followers. No fewer than nine out of the twenty-odd Presidents of the United States have been Ulstermen or descendants of Ulstermen—men driven out of Ireland by bad laws or the need for further freedom. But perhaps the typical Ulsterman was none of these statesmen—although Grant, Harrison, and McKinley traced their forbears to Ulster—but that soldier servant of the first President, of whom Mr. Woodburn speaks here. A stronghold was to be stormed, and Washington expressed his doubt if the thing was possible. "If it were hell itself I would get there at your orders, General", came the answer from the Ulsterman.

The Ulster Scots in America fought against England in the unhappy War of Independence, but other Ulstermen have deserved England's gratitude in their work for the Empire. India would not be what it is were it not for the strong band of Ulstermen who have served us there. Eyre Coote, who saved British power in India at a critical moment in the eighteenth century, came from the loyal province. A hundred years later Ulster was again to the fore, and in the Mutiny the three men—though we must not forget glorious Hodson—who did most for England were John Nicholson and the two Lawrences—Ulstermen all. Their services, at least, will never be forgotten by England, and their character was true Ulster—a mixture of simple piety and pluck, plain-spoken rather than eloquent, forceful but simple, and above all determined never to give way. We profess no patience with the decadent un-English trash which professes to find in these iron-sides of to-day a nation of philistines: that is bad sentiment.

Of their descendants to-day the author says little that is new; indeed, there is little to be said. They are the same stuff, little changed in character or location from the first settlement under James I., surviving both persecution and the prosperity which has come of their own exertions. Truly a people that will more easily break others than themselves be broken.

NOVELS.

"The Judgment of Eve." By May Sinclair. Hutchinson. 6s.

[Published this week:]

MISS May Sinclair follows the tiresome modern fashion of writing a quite unnecessary introduction to her book wherein she explains or apologises for the stories it contains. We are not particularly edified by reading the various criticisms that were passed on the tales when they appeared in magazines, or knowing the reasons why a particular story should be just this or that length. We agree with Miss Sinclair that there is no earthly reason why a novelist should not boil down his novel—why he should not present his subject in the most intensely concentrated form, reduced to its simplest possible expression. But the author of to-day is far too much concerned in meeting possible criticisms of his book. Miss Sinclair's work is quite good enough to stand on its own merits with-

out any apologia. She has undoubted power and sincerity. She is intensely sensitive, and is especially apt in dealing with the subtle emotions, delicate relations and fine-drawn distinctions, varying shades of light and colour. It would be absurd to pretend that the eight stories which make up this volume are Miss Sinclair's best work. All are readable, but from the standpoint of the author's high achievement several are negligible. Two—the first and the last—stand out. They have real driving power behind them. They are of the kind of stuff that haunts the memory. The "Judgment of Eve" goes very near the heart of things. It is a pitiless study of shabby middle-class life almost cruel in its realism. An inexperienced and romantic girl wavers between two lovers. She rejects the real man of the two—a prosperous young farmer—because she is horrified at his confession that he has killed pigs and lambs. She marries instead a "cultured" bank clerk who talks Browning to her and after a few years kills her by his uxorious selfishness. The story is one of almost unrelieved gloom, and the picture of the drab, grey life of the woman who in penury and squalor bears child after child while all the joy and beauty and sweetness ooze out of life is almost unbearable in its intensity. A different note is sounded in "The Wrackham Memoirs", an entertaining piece of satire about a popular novelist who thinks himself a great man, and who bequeaths to his daughter's lover the terrible legacy of editing his memoirs. The story, slight in itself, is a triumph of treatment. It is told with a rare and delicate humour, slightly malicious, perhaps, but irresistible.

"Love the Harper." By Eleanor G. Hayden. Smith, Elder. 6s.

"Love the Harper"—why "The Harper" we are not told, nor is any indication given—is a tale of life in the country. The country of the North Downs, with scent of hay and the allure of the fields in June. John Harding, a farmer, unused one would suppose to farming, and a newcomer in the little village, drifts into a sentimental understanding with Phyllis, the heiress of a stern old countryman, Abel, who has repudiated Ruth, his daughter by his first wife. Ruth has taken up secretarial work in London and arrives just in time to see her father die. To her Harding transfers his affections, but will not break his word to Phyllis. To this *mélange* is added Will—Harding's brother from Australia—and we now learn that Ruth has been secretly married to one Verity and has a little daughter five years old. Will Harding has come across her husband, dying of consumption in the bush. The course of true love does not run smoothly, but in the end John Harding and Ruth find each other after Ruth's journey to Australia to bury her husband. There is a freshness and sincerity in the picture of country life and as a contrast the story of Ruth's sojourn in the Australian camp is quite striking. The little crippled schoolmistress who bravely gave up her lover because of her physical disfigurement and who gained him all the more surely thereby is a charming character-study.

"Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust." By Humphrey Jordan. Putnam. 6s.

This is a somewhat unusual book of distinctly American flavour poking mild fun at dryasdust people whose world is bounded by academic traditions. The author has made a study of Cambridge, but we should imagine from the outside, for, although his facts are mainly correct, he fails entirely to give the atmosphere of University life. There is an amusing picture given with real humour of the petty jealousies and intrigues that go on in academic circles. Mr. Reginald Pontifax, assistant tutor of Holy Ghost, a biologist of renown, whose life study was the examination of the livers of flies, took unto himself at the age of thirty-six a lovely and fascinating girl, Carlotta, as wife, who rides roughshod over him and openly scoffs at the conventions of Cambridge. How she transforms him from a pompous, fussy, futile person into an alert and

distinguished man of the world is told with considerable liveliness and ingenuity. The story is very readable, and never flags for a moment.

"The Fruits of The Morrow." By Agnes Jacob. Methuen. 6s.

Miss Jacob's is a clever and unusual book which would have been improved by a little kindly editing. The author's memory is not too good, for on one page a character has green-grey eyes and on another they have mysteriously changed to dark brown. But such flaws apart the book is excellent. The subjects and the psychological detail are such as Guy de Maupassant would have loved to handle. Even the descriptions of the religious Sarah Cowlard in her little grocery-shop in Eastingham village remind one of those uncannily realistic portraits of the French *paysannes* in which Maupassant revelled.

"The Test." By M. McDonnell Bodkin. Everett. 6s.

There must be a large section of the public to whom this class of novel appeals, or there would not be so many of them displayed on the bookstalls with their wonderfully sensational covers. Perhaps we may also suppose that they are written for and read by the constant traveller. It is hard to imagine any sane person sitting down to read "The Test", or any of its kindred, in cold blood, for either intellectual dissipation or even ordinary amusement. Mr. Bodkin has, at any rate, given us a villain whose only redeeming point is his extraordinary charm of manner and good looks. The tale is American, and comes up to all one's ideas as to the "tallness" of American stories.

"James Whitaker's Dukedom." By Edgar Jepson. Hutchinson. 6s.

Mr. Edgar Jepson has never yet given us the book of which he is capable, and we begin to despair now of him ever doing so. He has easiness of style, literary quality, and a refreshing sense of humour, but he fritters away his capacities in potboiling efforts which do not enhance his reputation. "James Whitaker's Dukedom" is an excellent piece of fooling very neatly told. Mr. Jepson excels in devising ingenious situations. Few writers have his capacity for rendering plausible the most unlikely and bizarre happenings. He can wriggle in the slyest manner out of the most bewildering dilemmas. Again and again in his books one feels that he has passed the limits and got himself or his characters into an *impasse* from which he cannot possibly emerge. But he always manages to extricate himself and to save a dangerous situation by his dexterity in handling it. His new novel turns upon one of those amazing resemblances so dear to the heart of novelists. The list of novels in which the double has figured must be a very long one. But Mr. Jepson invests the subject with novelty enough to justify his choice of theme. A duke and a bankrupt furniture dealer are struck by the same flash of lightning. The duke is killed, and the furniture dealer, realising his extraordinary resemblance to him, appropriates his clothes—and his title. Out of his successful impersonation Mr. Jepson has constructed a vivacious story that abounds in amusing situations and satirical touches. It is quite good of its kind, but it is not the work of which Mr. Jepson is—or was—capable.

"The Rebellion of Esther." By Margaret Legge. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Novels on the question of conventional morality—for true morality is not, of course, a question of outward respectability of conduct—are generally called "problem novels". But Miss Legge in "The Rebellion of Esther", has somehow avoided the tone of the class of fiction to which the problem novel belongs, and what she has written is interesting and unforced. The question as to whether a man and a woman absolutely suited to one another and very much in love should flout the world's opinion and live together when marriage is out of the question—in this case because of a previous unhappy marriage—is a

stock subject of modern fiction. But the writer usually shirks the issue by leaving the story at the point where the two people involved are setting out on their journey perilous, or by allowing the re-awakened conscience of either or both to intervene and insist on a sacrifice of mutual happiness. And this book is no exception to the rule. It would be interesting to see the affair worked out to a finish and follow up the two people who dare all for happiness. The question must always be "how far the thwarting of natural inclination is the thwarting of the growth of the real self? It is a problem that is ever before the world, and the solution of which must ultimately be faced by those whose life is really lived—not merely an acquiescence in existence as offered by conventional environment". Esther Ballinger is a girl to whom absolute integrity of purpose meant all that made life worth living, who, stunted in growth by the atmosphere of a peculiarly unpleasing home and the tyranny of an impossible father, learns to live and think in her aunt's semi-Bohemian house in London, and there works out her own salvation after breaking off her engagement to a rising politician because of the shiftiness of his political views. The characters of the book are individual and finely drawn, but the whole story is a leading up to the ultimate problem of whether or no the conventional line of conduct is the better way.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The Church Revival." By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

These reminiscences are full of a fighter's interest in old wars and excursions. There is also the fighter's unsparing severity in dealing with those who seemed to be fighting less well than he. The Victorian bishops are knocked hard about the head in a way that will set men of to-day thinking and wondering as to the precise truth of those old rights and wrongs. Of Thomson, Sumner and Thorold, Mr. Baring-Gould writes: "I do not for a moment mean to imply that they did not act conscientiously. I believe that Annas and Caiaphas were sincerely conscientious men. Only they knew not what they did". After this, as a preface, admirers of the Victorian bishops are frankly prepared. This book is not a formal history of the "Church revival." These are Mr. Baring-Gould's reminiscences. They are notes—extremely full and vivid notes—on a very great and important movement. The author deals mainly with events he has personally touched and shared. His book will hearten and stimulate even those who do not always follow him. It is a book frankly against the temperament of the Laodiceans—hostile in every page to the ideal of life presented in Mr. Gould's picture of the man who gets into a carriage in the middle of the train, takes a middle compartment, sits in the middle seat, and trusts the rest to Providence.

"Memories of John Westlake." Smith, Elder. 6s. net.

This is a memorial volume to which Professor A. V. Dicey, Lord Courtney of Penwith, and Arthur G. Symonds have, among others, contributed. Its aim is to record an appreciation of Westlake's work as a jurist and a politician, with a personal tribute to one who was always an inspiring and helpful friend. These papers do full justice—but no more than justice—to Westlake's fine intellect and even finer character. With less toleration and humanity Westlake might have been a doctrinaire or even a crank. But he was utterly redeemed from the suspicion of this by the vitality of his mind and the sincerity of his heart. Westlake's humanity was not a pose; his ideals were a genuine inspiration of the entire man. His monumental work as a jurist—he was the author of almost the first, and, at present, the last word on private international law—is finely and clearly appreciated by Professor Dicey. Lord Courtney knew him better as a politician interested in the problems of Proportional Representation. All the contributors to this volume write of their own knowledge and enthusiasm. This is a fine memorial.

"Thirteen Arias or Solo Anthems." By F. W. Bussell. Oldbourne Press. 10s. 6d.

The ordinary musician may be a trifle perplexed about the anxiety of Dr. Bussell to show that he is fully acquainted with the European music of the eighteenth century. Dr. Bussell knows his counterpoint; he writes music that might well have been written in the eighteenth century. No one could do it better; but we are much puzzled as to why it should be done at all. Modern music was lived and written—it was not made in mere imitation of the mighty men of the eighteenth century. Dr. Bussell states that "his music, like much of J. S. Bach's, must be wholly ideal and appeal to eye and thought rather than to the ear: it lies beyond practical range and criticism". We cannot

agree. Bach, it is perfectly safe to say, never wrote a bar he did not mean to be sung. Dr. Bussell's supposition that Bach's music was never heard in his lifetime is supposititious in the last degree. However, Dr. Bussell's music is not. Honour must be done to an eminent scholar, and we are glad to do it; but that is a different matter from acknowledging the scholar as a great inventor of music.

"Customary Acres and Their Historical Importance." By Frederic Seebohm. London: Longmans. 1914. 12s. 6d. net.

These essays of Mr. Seebohm, fruit of work unfortunately cut short by death, were intended as material for future workers in similar fields of history. His belief was that the actual division of the land on the ground (which he terms the "shell") bore near relation to the institutions that governed it. Close as was the connection of customary acres with local customs, far more remarkable was their relationship to one another and to other land measures throughout Europe. The old British mile of the seventeenth century may be the Gallie leuga the Romans found when they first conquered Gaul. The acre was not so much a unit of size as of cultivation, with a shape determined by the convenience of ploughing—the eight-oxen plough meant a long furrow and a narrow breadth, while a pair of oxen found the square an easier figure. Space prevents our following Mr. Seebohm's intricate path through the customary units of cultivation of practically every European country; the mass of material is great, the maps and diagrams clear and most useful. The spirit of restlessness which drove the various tribes across the face of Europe in prehistoric days has made it exceedingly difficult for students of ethnology to fix their migrations. Agriculture is the first need of life, and it may be that through the persistence of its customs, unknown paths of wandering tribes will be discovered and a new light shed on origins at present little understood. To any student of history working in such a direction Mr. Seebohm's material is essential and invaluable.

"Law and Practice of Bankruptcy." By G. L. Hardy. London: Effingham Wilson. 1914. 2s. 6d. net.

Evidently this small handbook has been prompted by the new Bankruptcy Act which came into force on the first of the present month. The main object of the framers of the Act was to simplify a difficult procedure and to remove anomalies that existed under former Acts. Of the changes the new Act introduces the most important are an extended control over foreign firms trading in the United Kingdom through the medium of partners or agents, making married women traders further amenable to bankruptcy proceedings, and stopping the power of landlords, once bankruptcy is declared, to distrain for rent payable in advance. It is to be noted, too, that general assignments of book debts will be void as against the trustee in bankruptcy unless registered. Failure to explain the disappearance of assets and insolvency brought about by gambling now bring the bankrupt trader within the criminal law, as does failure to keep proper accounts on the part of a trader whose creditors have suffered from a previous insolvency. An attempt is also made to secure, without the introduction of official control, honest administration by trustees under deeds of arrangement with creditors. Mr. Hardy clearly sets out and tersely explains the general provisions of the law, together with the new Rules under the Act just published. Business men as well as lawyers will find this Bankruptcy Law *in petto* a useful guide on many difficult points.

"Economic Notes on English Agricultural Wages." By R. Lennard. Macmillan. 5s. net.

Minimum wage by legislation has become the panacea for all social evils. The remedy is no novelty. It was tried in England after the Black Death, centuries ago. Then there were not enough labourers to go round; now there are too many. Briefly, to-day's argument is that underpayment spells physical and industrial inefficiency. Many labourers are already well paid, the trouble is with the underpaid. The immediate effect of any compulsory minimum wage is to drive out of employment all inefficient and a number of semi-efficient. What will become of them? The reply is that work must be found by afforestation, small holdings, the extension of our corn-growing area and better rural education—the latter, strange to say, not technical but more books. As to afforestation and small holdings we are all agreed. Corn growing in England depends on world-price (which is settled by world production and consumption) and on climate—a factor beyond the control of even the most paternal Government. As to lack of literary education, "narrowing outlook and impoverishing sympathies," we are looking for practical results expressed in terms of a living wage, and successful agriculturists, of all people, must start young and grow into their surroundings. For some parts of the country minimum wage legislation has become a social necessity, but it is by no means the sole remedy for underpayment. Already natural causes are having their effect. Prices are rising, and with them profits and wages. At present the Radical Party bless the minimum wage, and use it indiscriminately for vote-

catching purposes. The simple countryman is a little tired of vague generalities begotten of reams of statistics and commission reports. He asks bluntly, "What is your plan?" Mr. Lennard says, as a conclusion to his 150 pages, "by daring and yet careful and sympathetic experiment carried out through the agency of Wages Boards" for each county or under central authority. Does this bring us very much nearer?

"Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters." By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt. Black. 5s. net.

The veteran corsair sails his still rakish craft into waters where only the expert orientalist can follow him, carrying devastation everywhere. Dr. Cheyne taunts "the professional champions of so-called sobriety and moderation" with their barren impotence. Yet he appeals to his "younger colleagues" pathetically: "To have recovered so many lost facts is surely no paltry title to respect. It is not yet too late to comfort me in my sorrows by greater fairness and generosity." The colleagues are mostly fairly advanced themselves, but they have refused to take seriously a theory which turns every name and place in the Bible into Jerahmeel and North Arabia. Well, retorts the old man, "if I possess the 'bright and morning star', why should I take the dullness of my critics to heart?" Is it not etymologically plain as soon as it is pointed out, that the Supreme God as Father is Joseph, as Mother is Mary; that David is really Dôd = God; that Nazareth is Ashtaroth, that Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Golgotha and the Mount of Olives were in Northern Arabia, and that the names of the twelve Apostles—"of very doubtful historicity"—point to the same region? Jehovah (Yahwê) is identical with Jerahmeel, Ishmael, Hadad, Rimmon, Tammuz, Asshur, Baal, and so forth; in fact, the prophets worked up much unjust prejudice against Baalism. Dr. Cheyne has so long run amok among the scriptural records of both Testaments that the reader may ask if there is anything left of historic beliefs to destroy. But perhaps he has a right to complain that he is only carrying a little further the methods of more prudent critics. He is certainly not hampered by thinking of himself as a doctor and dignitary of the Church of England, or as a former Professor of Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford. Would it not be franker to throw these Divinity Chairs open at once, without any pretence of restriction?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

The Art of Spiritual Harmony (Wassily Kandinsky). Constable. 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memories of John Westlake. Smith, Elder. 6s. net.
Margherita of Savoy, First Queen of Italy: Her Life and Times (Fanny Zampini Salazar). Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.
The Lord Advocates of Scotland: Second Series, 1834-1880 (G. W. T. Omond). Melrose. 21s. net.
A Great Adventure: Lady Hamilton and the Revolution in Naples, 1753-1815 (Joseph Turquand and Jules d'Auriac). Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.
Pageant of the Birth, Life, and Death of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, K.G., 1389-1439 (Edited by Viscount Dillon and W. H. St. John Hope). Longmans. 21s. net.
The Beautiful Arabella Phipps and Others (Gina Rose). Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

The Music Makers (Louise Mack); Entertaining Jane (Millicent Heathcote); The Playground (By the author of "Mastering Flame"). Mills and Boon. 6s. each.
The Judgment of Eve and other Stories (May Sinclair); His Official Fiancée (Berta Ruck). Hutchinson. 6s. each.
The Red Wall (Frank Savile). Nelson. 2s. net.
Two's Company (Dorothea Mackeller and Ruth Bedford); Megan of the Dark Isle (Mrs. J. O. Arnold); A Garden of the Gods (Edith McKeate). Alston Rivers. 6s. each.
Second Nature (John Travers). Duckworth. 6s.
The Spotted Panther (James Francis Dwyer). Melrose. 6s.
Love's Responsibilities (Mrs. Stuart Menzies). Holden and Hardingham. 6s.
Silver Sand (S. R. Crockett); Maid of the Mist (John Oxenham); The Sorcerer's Stone (Beatrice Grimshaw). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. each.
The Priceless Thing (Maud Stepney Rawson); That Strange Affair (Walter Brügge-Vallon). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.
The Adventuress and Other Stories (George Willoughby). Goschen. 2s. net.

HISTORY.

Winchester Cathedral Close: Its Historical and Literary Associations (John Vaughan). Pitman. 5s. net.
The Philosophy of Welsh History (Rev. J. Vyrnwy Morgan). Lane. 12s. 6d.
The Ulster Scot: His History and Religion (The Rev. James Barkley Woodburn). Allenson. 5s. net.
The John Rylands Library, Manchester: A Brief Historical Description of the Library and Its Contents. Sherratt and Hughes. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

Pâques d'Islande (Anatole Le Braz), 1s. net; Fables et Épîtres (La Fontaine), 10d. Nelson.
Penn's Country (E. S. Roscoe). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.
A New Uniform Edition of the Works of Maarten Maartens.—The Greater Glory; Her Memory; My Lady Nobody; An Old-Maid's Love; God's Fool. Constable. 3s. 6d. net each.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Die Familie Buchholz (Julius Stinde. Edited by G. H. Clarke); Six Contes by Guy de Maupassant (Edited by Harold N. P. Sloman); Spenser's Faerie Queene (Edited by Lilian Winstanley). Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. each.
Sentence Expansion Leading to Free Composition in French (Marc Ceppi and Henry Rayment). Bell. 1s.

SCIENCE.

The Riddle of Mars: The Planet (C. E. Housden). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.
The Progress of Eugenics (Caleb Williams Saleeby). Cassell. 5s. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Catholic Conception of the Church (The Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson). Robert Scott. 5s. net.
The Manhood of the Master (Harry Emerson Fosdick). Student Christian Movement. 1s. 6d. net.
The Catholic Library.—Holy Mass: The Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy (Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J.). Herder. 2 Vols. 1s. net each.

TRAVEL.

Albania: The Foundling State of Europe (Wadham Peacock Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
Chile: Its Land and People (Francis J. G. Maitland). Griffiths. 10s. 6d. net.
African Camp Fires (Stewart Edward White). Nelson. 5s. net.
A Wanderer's Trail: Being a Faithful Record of Travel in Many Lands (A. Loton Ridger). Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.
Beautiful Switzerland.—Lausanne and Its Environs; Villars and Its Environs (Painted and Described by G. Flemwell). Blackie. 2s. net each.
Beautiful England.—Scarborough; Ripon and Harrogate (Pictured by Ernest Haslehurst. Described by R. Murray Gilchrist); Warwick and Leamington (Pictured by Ernest Haslehurst. Described by George Morley); Bath and Wells (Pictured by Ernest Haslehurst. Described by Arthur L. Salmon). Blackie. 2s. net each.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Poems (Margaret Cropper). Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.
Woman and Superwoman: A Comedy of 1963 in Three Acts (Adam Neave). Griffiths. 1s. 6d. net.
The Early Poems of Walter Savage Landor (William Bradley). Published by the Author. 2s. 6d. net.
Farming Lays (Bernard Gilbert). Palmer. 2s. net.
Plays (August Strindberg). Vol. IV.: Swanwhite, Advent, The Storm. Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.
Between Sunset and Dawn: A Play in Four Scenes (Herman Ould). Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.
Playing with Love (Arthur Schnitzler). Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.
Des Imagistes: an Anthology. The Poetry Bookshop. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Athenian Empire, The, and the Great Illusion (E. M. W. Tillyard). The Garton Foundation. 1s. net.
British Trees, and How to Name Them at a Glance, Without Botany (Forster Robson). Holden and Hardingham. 7d. net.
Cambridge Naval and Military Series.—Ocean Trade and Shipping (Douglas Owen). 10s. 6d. net; Naval and Military Essays, 7s. 6d. net. Cambridge University Press.
Cambridge Public Health Series.—Isolation Hospitals (H. Franklin Parsons). 12s. 6d. net. The Bacteriological Examination of Food and Water (William G. Savage), 7s. 6d. net. Cambridge University Press.
Gourmet's Guide to London, The (Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis). Grant Richards. 5s. net.
Handbook of Cookery, A (Ada Pearson); Useful Hints on Sick Nursing; Useful Hints on Health and Habits; Useful Hints on Household Management (Martha Millar). Blackie. 6d. net each.
Interest, Gold and Banking: A Discourse on Democratic Finance (Frederick Temple). Effingham Wilson. 6d.
Library Jokes and Jottings (Henry T. Coutts). Grafton. 2s. 6d. net.
Making of Musicians, The: The Rhythmic Method of Teaching Music (T. H. Yorke Trotter). Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.
Nitrate Facts and Figures, 1914 (Compiled by A. F. Brodie James). Mathieson. 2s. 6d. net.
Pursuit of Spring, The (Edward Thomas). Nelson. 5s. net.
Teaching Sex Hygiene in the Public Schools (E. B. Lowry). Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents net.
Theory of Interest, A (Clarence Gilbert Hoag). Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.—Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50; Mécheroutiette; Wild Life, 2s. 6d. net; The North American Review, 1s. net; The Indian Review, 8 annas; The Hindustan Review, 10 annas; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s. net; The Open Court, 10 cents; The International Theosophical Chronicle, 6d. net; The Edinburgh Review, 6s.; The English Historical Review, 5s.; The Theosophical Path, 1s. The Quarterly Review, 6s.

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EVERYBODY is more or less in the dark as to the exact relations now existing between the United States and the Mexican Government. The Stock Exchange has endeavoured to form an intelligent opinion concerning the situation, but so far dealers have found nothing reassuring in the position. Exactly a week ago extensive "bear-covering" commitments were entered into in view of the supposed pacific settlement of the controversy, but since then it has become obvious that Huerta's assurances were mere "bluff", and the Stock Exchange received a bad shock in consequence.

Dealers have been, and are still, without information upon which an intelligent market position can be based, and there has been no alternative to the general marking-down of securities—often only as a precautionary measure, but more often in response to nervous liquidation by big professional interests.

If hostilities are protracted into a long guerilla warfare, which at the moment seems to be possible, then the House may anticipate a further period of depression. Past experience has proved that political upheavals in Mexico have been painfully expensive to the railways and other property owners, and the latest cables from Vera Cruz give the impression that Mexican securities will be out of the field of Stock Exchange operations for some time to come.

Practically all interest of the House was fixed upon the Mexican Railway market during Thursday afternoon, because it was recognised that the action of the Mexican Railway directors concerning the dividend declaration would to some extent give a general indication of the prospects of Mexican industrial enterprise. The House was prepared for a considerable reduction of the dividend upon the First Preference stock, but very few dealers anticipated the necessity of passing the dividend entirely, and stocks reflected heavily all round the House on the announcement of the decision of the directors. After providing £72,750 for debenture interest, the net earnings for the half-year amounted to £76,672, but in view of the serious situation prevailing in the country, and the possibility of damage to the railroad, the directors have deemed it advisable to husband resources by placing the net earnings to the reserve account.

Apart from the pronounced effect produced by the Mexican situation upon securities in other departments of the House during the week, the monetary position has given rise to some liquidation. Many operators entered into the investment field some weeks ago on the assumption that the end of the current month would witness a comparative glut of cash in the money market, and although there is no reason to anticipate high loan quotations in the near future, the persistent Continental demand for gold has made the realisation of the views of those operators impossible, and much of the stock purchased last month is now returning to jobbers' hands.

Issuing houses have naturally decided to withhold many of their forthcoming flotations until they can discern a reasonable chance of the public gaining confidence in the City, and this week's new issues have been confined to two comparatively small flotations.

The City of Edmonton loan of £368,000 of 5 per cent. debentures, to which reference was made last week, was issued at £98 per cent., but the general feeling of distrust now prevalent made it impossible for anything but a poor response to be given to the

issue; and only a moderate inquiry was made for the new issue of Caucasian Oilfields shares, 240,000 having been offered at 10s. each.

During the past fortnight a considerable "bear" account has been formed in the Consol market, and this has naturally had the effect of exercising some sort of restriction upon the depreciation during the week. Nevertheless, the stock has relapsed to 74 $\frac{3}{8}$, and if the Continent loses its head over the Mexican squabble—which at the moment seems not improbable—a further heavy depreciation will occur next week. The majority of other high-class Home securities are a half-point under last week's quotations, the fall having been accentuated by the report that the underwriters of the Nova Scotia loan had been left with 82 per cent. of the issue.

At this period of the year there are usually few factors to exercise any influence upon Home Railway stocks individually, and at the moment these issues are just floating on the general tide of depression. Professionals have taken the opportunity to sell "bears" of most of the active lines, and some quotations show a substantial depreciation compared with last Saturday's level. Great Westerns have fallen to 114, South Western Deferred to 34 $\frac{1}{2}$, Brighton "A" to 87 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Dover "A" to 51.

It was indicated in these columns at the beginning of the account that American securities should hold no attraction in the public "bull" operator, and that view has been amply justified by the extensive collapse of securities during the past fortnight. Compared with the last settlement quotations, Canadian Pacifics have fallen to 196 $\frac{1}{4}$, while Steel Common show a loss of 6 points, Union Pacifics 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ points, Southern Pacifics 5 points, and Missouri Texas 3 points, the latter company having decided to make no payment upon its Preferred issue for the past half-year.

Foreign Railway issues appeared to have an opportunity of drawing support at the end of last week, but the new phase in the Mexican position speedily put an end to the "bullish" tendency, and most of the prominent lines are now 2 to 3 points under the previous settlement quotations.

The political and financial shadow has naturally crippled the Mexican Railway group, and dealers will have to be very enterprising to establish confidence in those stocks in the future. Mexican Ordinary has fallen to 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ since the last account, First Prefs. to 91, and the Second Prefs. to 55 $\frac{1}{4}$.

From the extent of sales in the Foreign Bond market on account of Continental interests, it is evident that the Paris market is still very impressionable; and most of the principal Brazilian, Japanese, and Argentine issues are a point below the last account's quotations. The Mexican 5 per cent. External bonds have collapsed to 82, but dealings in Mexican bonds are extremely limited, and changes in values are often of a nominal character.

The salient feature of the Mining section has been the depression of diamond issues. The market has naturally taken the view that America's engagement in hostilities will have the effect of materially cramping the demand for stones, and the De Beers shares have dropped heavily to 17, a fall of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ since the last making-up.

The Rand group has suffered from French liquidation, but the recent favourable balance-sheet published by the Rand Mines Co. has had the effect of partially restricting the shrinkage of values, and Rand Mines shares are still a good market at 6.

Russian issues appear to be outside the pale of ordinary depressing influences, and values go merrily forward, Russo-Asiatic being quoted at 9 $\frac{3}{4}$, Russian Mining at 2 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Tanalyk have advanced to 4 $\frac{1}{4}$, on the anticipation of a future favourable announcement concerning the progress made since the installation of the new machinery. There has been a beautiful faith in all things Russian since the boom in this particular section; but it would appear advisable to await some-

(Continued on page 548.)



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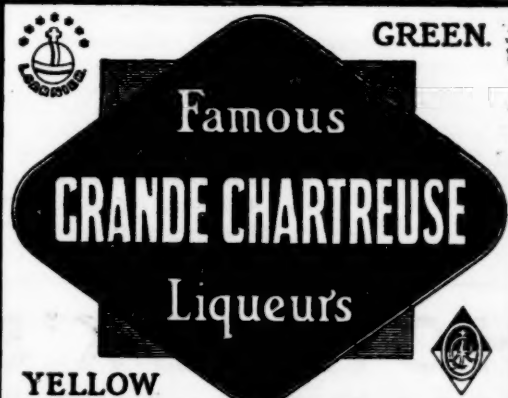
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LONDON LIFE AND REVERSIONARY BONUSES.

UNTIL proposals made by directors have been sanctioned in accordance with law it is necessary to write with some reserve, but it is most improbable that any opposition will be offered to the extraordinary resolution which the members of the London Life Association will be asked to consider and approve on Wednesday next. Hitherto all profits have been distributed in the form of reductions of premium, and the members, as a result of economical and conscientious administration, have obtained life assurance protection at the very minimum of cost. This system of division, although it has stood the test of 107 years, has nevertheless had its disadvantages, and in recent times its sufficiency has been seriously called in question. In the first place it is not very widely understood, and its results cannot readily be compared with those obtained by offices which allot either simple or compound reversionary bonuses; and, secondly, working conditions have greatly changed. The organisations of the great commission-paying life offices are now so complex and complete that practically all new business in the market is subject to competition. For this purpose the present system of the London Life is not at all well adapted. The charge for a fully-participating assurance is apparently—not really—excessive, while the minimum premium and half-premium plans, which are outwardly attractive, do not appeal to everybody.

An alternative scheme has, as a matter of fact, become imperative if the Association is to continue as in the past to make steady progress. So popular has the reversionary bonus become as a means of dividing surplus that only a few offices now employ other methods, and it is probable that twenty years hence this system will have been almost universally adopted. One reason, of course, is that it enables funds to be accumulated much faster, because in many cases the payment of a bonus is deferred until the policy matures by death or survivance. On the other hand the London Life's plan calls for heavy cash payments each year, and the accounts just issued show that last year the net premium income of the Association was less than one-half of its gross income—£195,561 out of £404,075. For this reason the rate of accumulation is nowadays not very rapid, notwithstanding the pros-

perity of the business as revealed by the mortality experience, the rate of interest earned, and the unapproached expense ratios. When assurance and annuity funds amount to £5,328,395 on January 1 an increase to £5,446,974 (before revaluation of assets) on December 31 is not very impressive. It is, indeed, a cause for irritation when the real facts are ascertained. Out of £366,819 provided for death claims in 1913 only £274,065 was actually required; the average rate of interest earned on the total funds was £4 11s. 11d. gross, or £4 6s. 7d. per cent. after deduction of income tax; while the total expenses of management represented only £4 os. 8d. per cent. on the premium income, or £2 11s. 3d. per cent. on the total income.

In ordinary cases a life office reporting such extraordinary results would also report a large addition to its funds, but the London Life under its existing constitution has to be content with increases which would be considered small by the managements of second and third-rate concerns. For several years past, indeed, the Association has had to compete for new business on most unequal terms; the excellence of the policies it issues could not easily be explained, and its bonus system has had the effect of retarding visible growth.

Under the scheme now proposed there will be greater opportunities to make headway. The table of annual premiums given at the end of the current report shows that with profit assurances, both whole-life, limited payment and endowment, will be offered at quite exceptionally low rates, and the policyholders will be entitled to compound reversionary bonuses which are not likely to prove less than 35s. per cent. per annum. A yearly bonus at this rate is fully equivalent to one of 36s. per cent. per annum declared quinquennially, and its payment should not be beyond the power of the Association, seeing how sound is the present financial position, and that in the case of this new class of policyholders the charge for management will be fixed at 3s. per £100 original sum assured—equal, say, to between 4 and 5 per cent. of the premium income.

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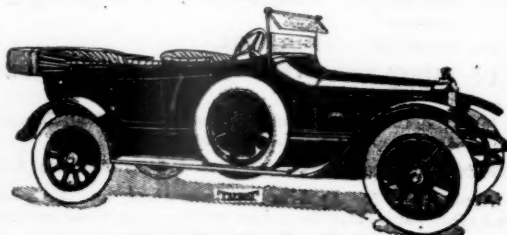
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ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO.

THE Annual General Court of the Alliance Assurance Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at the head office in Bartholomew Lane, E.C., the Right Hon. Lord Rothschild, G.C.V.O., presiding.

The Chairman said: You will notice that the life business of the company continues to expand on a large and, I hope, a very satisfactory and sound basis. The new policies issued last year were for just a little over £2,000,000. It happened that the quinquennial term of two sections of the company's life business—namely, the Alliance and the Economic—closed at the end of the year under review. The valuations have been made on the same conservative basis that we always adopt, and you will notice that there was a considerable surplus on the Alliance section, and that also we have been able in the first few years of our management to do better for the Economic than it did in the past. Now, I wish to make a few remarks which perhaps are not of quite so satisfactory a nature as the working of the insurance departments of this great company. The well-being of insurance companies, whatever business they may transact, and the prosperity of life business, depend on the value of the securities in which their money is invested. I wish you to bear in mind that on 31st December last we had to write down the value of the Stock Exchange securities we held by no less a sum than £533,000. I am well aware, and I think it right to tell you, that though we wrote down the securities by the sum of £533,000 on 31st December, yet on 31st March our Stock Exchange securities had improved by over £200,000; but they have since then, I believe, somewhat depreciated. My object in calling your attention to this is not simply to give the directors' point of view, although it is a disagreeable thing for them to have to write down securities, neither the shareholders' point of view, because, after all, numerous as are the shareholders in insurance companies they are comparatively a small body, but I mention the matter as one which affects the millions who are insured in offices like the Alliance, or who have taken out industrial policies, or who have tried to make provision in friendly societies. The stability of the various schemes of insurance depends not on actuarial calculations, but largely on the maintenance of the values of the investments. Therefore, it is not the shareholders only of a company, but the millions who are insured in all these companies who have got to see that the securities in which their money is invested are not depreciated by—what shall I say?—chance legislation. Of course, no directors, nor anyone else, could have foreseen the events which have happened during the past year. When I last had the pleasure and honour of addressing you I thought the Balkan War was over. It dragged on, however, to the end of the year, and there have been other disturbing elements in the politics of the world. At the present time there is a great Mexican crisis and other things which may affect the markets. I have thought it my duty to point these matters out to you, but I will say no more on the subject. The fire account showed good results last year, notwithstanding the endeavours of a certain section of the population to increase our losses. How far they were answerable for them I do not pretend to say. Since the beginning of the year there have been a large number of fires. Whether those are due to the law of average or whether they are the result of crime and ill-feeling I do not pretend to judge. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I do not think there is anything more that I can tell you about our accounts. As usual, we have not brought into the profit and loss account the moneys we have made in the accident department. Having made these few remarks I have now only to ask those present if they have any questions to ask in connection with the accounts. Well, silence gives consent, so I will move, "That the report, together with the accounts and balance-sheet annexed thereto, be received and adopted and entered upon the minutes of the court."

Colonel Francis A. Lucas seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman then declared, on behalf of the Board of Directors, a dividend of 12s. per share, less income tax, payable in the year 1914.

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CONSOLIDATED MINES.

MR. WALTER McDERMOTT, in presiding at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Consolidated Mines Selection Company, Limited, held last Tuesday, said: I will not go into the details of the difficulties we encountered in the matter of labour and of the caving in of certain of the stopes, because you will find these given clearly in the report of the consulting engineer, Mr. Knecht. In the engineer's report you will also find certain facts as to developments, reserves of ore, and working costs, all of which are disappointing compared with the situation of a year ago. All these factors, whether of the past or the present, have been fully represented in the reduced market price of Brakpan shares, and to this extent our general financial position is affected unfavourably compared with last year, and is properly allowed for in our accounts and in our recommendation of a reduced dividend. In a mine which, even at the reduced rate of working necessitated by special labour conditions, crushes over 600,000 tons in a year, the question of development is of primary importance, and during 1913, on the top of other troubles, the particular areas opened up did not show as large a percentage of profitable ore to total ore developed as in the two previous years, although its assay value was quite satisfactory. In spite of this reduced percentage, however, the tonnage of profitable ore developed during the year was in excess of the tonnage stoped. It is true that the total profitable ore reserves in December, 1913, is 215,000 tons less than given at the end of 1912; but this shortfall is due to readjustments of the areas of old reserve by later development, to the elimination of large pillars left for the safety of the mine, and to allowances for dykes. Such readjustments have to be made at regular intervals when levels are so far apart as they are in the Brakpan mine. The reserve of profitable ore at the end of 1913 is given in the engineer's report at 2,242,000 tons; and this represents well over three years' supply for the mill at its maximum crushing capacity, while development is very actively pushed for the purpose of opening up new ore at least as rapidly as the reserve is depleted. Last year, in spite of the labour difficulty limiting the tonnage crushed and increasing the working costs, development work was not allowed to fall behind; but a total footage of 19,650 ft. was accomplished, being 2,300 ft. in excess of the work of the preceding year. It will be seen that only a small portion of the total claim area has been worked out, and that most of the ground is still unexplored territory. The levels, so far as yet driven, have developed a total of about 4,000,000 tons of profitable and 2,400,000 tons of unprofitable ore. As regards this unexplored ground, we must exercise the same hopeful expectancy with which we originally attacked the portion now opened but then unknown. Our latest news is that we are opening continuously on good ore in one important direction at least. At the Springs Mines the working capital provided in 1913 has enabled active opening work to be carried on, and the whole design of haulage ways and loading stations at the two shafts has been laid out in a thorough and substantial manner, well adapted for future economical working of the property. The work on these preliminaries has prevented extensive driving on the reef, so that only 2,700 ft. have been sampled, but the results are so far distinctly encouraging and compare favourably with equivalent work on the Brakpan in its first development. The report and accounts were adopted unanimously, and a dividend of 5 per cent., free of income-tax, was declared.

CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS.

MR. E. C. MORGAN presided at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Calcutta Tramways Co., Ltd., held last Wednesday, and said:—I am very pleased to have the privilege of once again placing before you the directors' report of the working of the tramways, the more especially as the year under review to 31 December 1913, constitutes a record in the history of the company. Dealing first with the accounts, and taking the capital expenditure, it will be seen that there has been added the sum of £6,239, which is represented by the cost of the freehold land at Shambazar acquired for the turning loop, new plant installed at the power-house for lighting purposes, six new trailer cars, and sundry workshop plant. Turning to the revenue account, you will have observed that the traffic receipts make a fresh record, the increase over last year amounting to over £10,000, directly attributable to the continued steady growth of the Company's business. This excellent result was obtained despite the adverse effect of an abnormal rainfall in June. It must also be recollected that this was the first year to elapse since the transference of the capital to Delhi. Taking next the expenditure side, there is, as mentioned in the report, an aggregate decrease of £6,523 as compared with last year. This is due to reductions in power expenses, under fuel, attributable to the general improvement in the condition of the Nonapookur plant, and under maintenance and repairs, in materials, consequent on the extraordinary expenditure incurred on the overhaul of the plant in the previous year. In consequence of the continued expansion of the Company's business it became necessary to reinforce our feeding system in the city area, and with this object we have now put in hand the installation of a rotary converter sub-station at Dalhousie Square, and it was to provide for the expenditure in connection with this scheme that an opportunity was taken of issuing the balance of the 2,705 Preference shares referred to in the directors' report.

The following resolution was then put to the shareholders and carried unanimously:—"That a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 7s. per share in respect of the profits for the year ended 31 December 1913, making, with the 2s. 6d. per share interim dividend already paid, a total dividend for the year of 9½ per cent., be and is hereby declared, such dividend to be paid on 23 April 1914, free of income-tax."

LONDON & BRAZILIAN BANK.

MR. JOHN BEATON, presiding at the Ordinary General Meeting of the London and Brazilian Bank, Limited, held last Tuesday, said:—I think I may safely assume that you are all well aware of the exceptional difficulties and anxieties under which banking business in Brazil and the River Plate has had to be conducted during the greater part of the year which we have under review. I am sure, therefore, that you will share in the gratification of your Board at being able to submit to you such a statement of accounts as the one you have now before you for the year ended last January. The result of the year's working is a net profit of £341,000 after making ample provision for all bad and doubtful debts. It is a reduction of £37,000 on the record profit of last year, but I would remind you that it shows an increase of £33,000 on the outturn of the preceding year 1912. I have very few remarks to make about our balance-sheet, which remains very much on the same lines as last year's. The total is £2,000 more than last year. The deposits in currency at branches show an increase of £220,000, the bills for collection an increase of £219,000, and bills payable are less by £323,000. On the other side cash is more by £398,000, and bills discounted by £120,000, bills receivable are less by £628,000, bank premises show an increase of £53,693. This is partly on account of the Pernambuco branch premises, which are nearly finished after interminable delay, and the amount also includes the purchase price of the two adjoining premises to our Rio branch. In the profit and loss account the gross profits are only £11,400 less than last year; the charges are more by £20,700, representing the annual increases of salaries and also a larger staff, and the taxes show an increase of nearly £5,000. The net balance we have to deal with is £615,155. We paid an interim dividend of 12s. per share, amounting to £75,000, in October last, and we now recommend a further payment of 12s. per share, making a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. We also recommend the payment of a bonus of 16s. per share, thus making a total distribution of 20 per cent., free of income-tax, for the year. The above payments will absorb £250,000, leaving a balance of £365,155, which the directors recommend should be appropriated as follows:—£15,000 for the payment of a bonus to the staff of 10 per cent. on their salaries, which you always agree to very willingly, £20,000 to the staff pension and benevolent fund, which always receives your sympathetic support, and £40,000 in reduction of premises account. It is always advisable to reduce the amount at which the premises stand when we can afford to do it, for it releases so much capital. The balance of £290,155 will be carried forward. I will now move: "That the report and accounts of the directors, now read, be received and adopted, and that in accordance with the recommendation of the directors a dividend of 12s. per share (free of income-tax), making, with the interim dividend of 12s. per share paid in October last, a dividend for the year at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum (free of income-tax) on the paid-up capital of the bank be declared, and also that, in accordance with such recommendation, a bonus of 16s. per share, or 8 per cent. (free of income-tax) on the paid-up capital be declared, such dividend and bonus to be payable on and after Friday, 24th April, 1914."

Mr. W. D. Hoare seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

KIMBERLEY WATER WORKS.

MR. JAMES JACKSON presided at the General Meeting of the Kimberley Water Works Company, Limited, held last Wednesday, and said:—It is a great pleasure to meet the shareholders under such favourable circumstances. The consumption of water is higher by over 30 million gallons than that of any year in the company's history; the profit and the distribution proposed are the best since 1889. After protracted negotiations the agreement referred to in the report was concluded, whereby the options of purchase of the waterworks falling due in 1915 and 1922 were relinquished by the municipality. The concessions made by way of consideration were of such a reasonable nature that they could scarcely have been withheld if the friendly relations hitherto existing with the town authorities were to be maintained, and it is anticipated that the cost to this company will not be material, whereas the advantages of the arrangement are so manifest as to be well worth the price to be paid for them. I think the shareholders may well congratulate themselves on the improved position, for whereas under the former conditions, if times were good and it were worth their while, the municipality could compulsorily acquire the works under their options, to the detriment of the shareholders, that right has now lapsed and the municipality has no longer the call of our property; but if they should at any time desire to acquire it there is nothing to prevent them making an offer which it would be for the shareholders to accept or refuse, as they thought the price and conditions advantageous or otherwise. The action of the Rand Water Board in promoting a Bill during the present session of the Union Parliament providing for a comprehensive barrage of the Vaal River above Vereeniging caused us no little anxiety, since the powers applied for were distinctly prejudicial to other riparian owners like ourselves holding rights lower down the river. There is every reason to believe that in the form the Bill finally passes the House our interests will be effectively safeguarded. The accounts clearly reflect the prosperity of the year's business, and there is scarcely an unsatisfactory figure to mar the rosiness of their complexion.

SIXTY-EIGHTH REPORT OF THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED.

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO)

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on Tuesday, 10th March, 1914.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED...Yen 46,000,000 | CAPITAL PAID UP.....Yen 30,000,000 | RESERVE FUND.....Yen 18,900,000

PRESIDENT—JUNNOSUKE INOUE, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT—YUKI YAMAKAWA, Esq.
 DIRECTORS—JUNNOSUKE INOUE, Esq. KOKICHI SONODA, Esq. ROKURO HARA, Esq.
 MASUNOBU ODAGIRI, Esq. NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. RIYEMON KIMURA, Esq.
 YUKI YAMAKAWA, Esq. TCHUNOSUKE KAWASHIMA, Esq. BARON KOYATA IWASAKI, Esq.
 AUDITORS—YASUNORI ASADA, Esq. TAMIZO WAKAO, Esq.

BRANCHES.—Antung-Hsien, Bombay, Calcutta, Changchun, Dairen (Dalny), Hankow, Harbin, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Kobe, Liao Yang, London, Los Angeles, Lyons, Fengtien (Mukden), Nagasaki, Newchwang, New York, Osaka, Peking, Ryojun (Port Arthur), San Francisco, Shanghai, Tientsin, Tientsin, Tokio, Tsingtau.

HEAD OFFICE—YOKOHAMA.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year ended 31st December, 1913.

The Gross Profits of the Bank for the past Half-year, including, Yen 1,229,768.⁹⁶ brought forward from last Account, amount to Yen 23,466,476.⁷⁹, of which Yen 20,048,988.¹¹ have been deducted for Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 3,417,488.⁶⁸ for appropriation.The Directors now propose that Yen 350,000.⁰⁰ be added to the Reserve Fund, and recommend a Dividend at the rate of Twelve per Cent. per Annum, which will absorb Yen 1,800,000.⁰⁰.The Balance, Yen 1,267,488.⁶⁸, will be carried forward to the credit of next Account.
Head Office, Yokohama, 10th March, 1914.

JUNNOSUKE INOUE, Chairman.

31st December, 1913.

LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET.	ASSETS.
	Y.	Y.
Capital (paid up)	30,000,000.00	
Reserve Fund	18,530,000.00	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	1,269,232.16	
Notes in Circulation	8,131,615.91	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.)	189,719,265.27	
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank	172,760,514.46	
Dividends Unclaimed	8,242.77	
Amount brought forward from last Account	1,229,768.96	
Net Profit for the past Half-year	2,187,719.72	
	Yen 423,856,359.25	Yen 423,856,359.25

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Y.	Y.
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c.	20,048,988.11	
To Reserve Fund	350,000.00	
To Dividend—		
Yen 6.00 per Old Share for 240,000 Shares	1,800,000.00	
Yen 1.50 per New Share	1,267,488.68	
To Balance carried forward to next Account		
	Yen 23,466,476.79	Yen 23,466,476.79

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, comparing them with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and have found them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and have found them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

YASUNORI ASADA, TAMIZO WAKAO, AUDITORS.



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Four Cylinders : Four or Six Cylinders : H.M. The Queen's New Car

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LONDON SHOWROOMS :: :: 27 PALL MALL

Daimler Cars are held in readiness for immediate hire,
Telephone Regent 4160.

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BIRMINGHAM ... Daimler House, Paradise Street
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 CARDIFF ... Park Street
 LEEDS ... 82, Albion Street
 MANCHESTER ... 60, Deansgate
 NEWCASTLE ... St. Mary's Place
 NOTTINGHAM ... 98, Derby Road
 OXFORD ... Osberton Road
 TORQUAY ... Torwood Street

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TESTIMONY

THE prevalence of Daimler Cars on the streets of London and in other centres of wealth and fashion is open testimony of their popularity. For good appearance and good service they are unrivalled. For real hard work the Daimler engine stands supreme, as is proved beyond doubt by the results of their use in the motor omnibuses of London and elsewhere. Watch the cars as they pass; it will not take an hour to convince you that the car you should buy is a Daimler.

LEGAL & GENERAL

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

77th Annual Report, 1913.

NEW BUSINESS	£3,073,405
NEW PREMIUMS	£164,603
ASSETS exceeded	£9,847,000
THE INCOME increased to	£1,311,000

The Average rate of interest earned was **£4 10s. 1d.** per cent. The Valuation Rate of Interest is now Reduced to **£2 10s.** per cent. On Table of Mortality.

The Business in force now exceeds **£32,951,000** sterling.

THE PERFECTED SYSTEM OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

BONUS REPORT, 1907-1911.

The Surplus shown was	£801,283
Interim Bonuses paid during the period	£23,804

For the fourth time in succession the rate of Compound Bonus declared is:—

£1 18s. per Cent. per Annum on the Sums Assured and Previous Bonus.

On the basis of this rate of Profit, a whole-Life or Endowment Assurance Policy for **£1,000** would, irrespective of age at entry, be increased by Bonus according to its duration as shown in the following Table:—

DURATION.	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40
Amount of Policy.	£1,095	£1,199	£1,313	£1,438	£1,574	£1,724	£1,888	£2,067

The RESERVES were computed on the most modern basis, the rate of Interest to be earned in the future being assumed to be **2½ per cent. only**; while the EXTRA reserves for safeguards and adjustments have been adopted as hitherto.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS IS SHOWN BY THE FOLLOWING TABLES:—

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS.

Bonus Period.	No. of Policies.	New Sums Assured.	Increases during the Period 1907-1911.	
1892-1896	3,034	£5,485,146	Premiums	from £692,004 to £1,016,217
1897-1901	3,817	£6,786,706	Assets	“ £5,502,987 to £8,286,552
1902-1906	11,757	£12,330,583	Sums Assured-	“ £21,411,832 to £30,667,618
1907-1911	18,933	£16,034,933		

Increase of Premium Income During the Year 1913 £74,557

Increase of Total Funds During the Year 1913 £780,398

Estate Duties. Policies are granted at specially low rates for Non-Profit Assurances, and these are particularly advantageous for their purpose of providing Death Duties and Portions for Younger Children.

Reversions and Life Interests. These are purchased by the Society, and loans thereon are granted on specially advantageous terms.

The Directors are most desirous of increasing the number of the Society's supporters, and invite communications from those willing to represent the Society in London and the Provinces.

Full Information on Application to—

THE MANAGER, 10, Fleet Street, London.